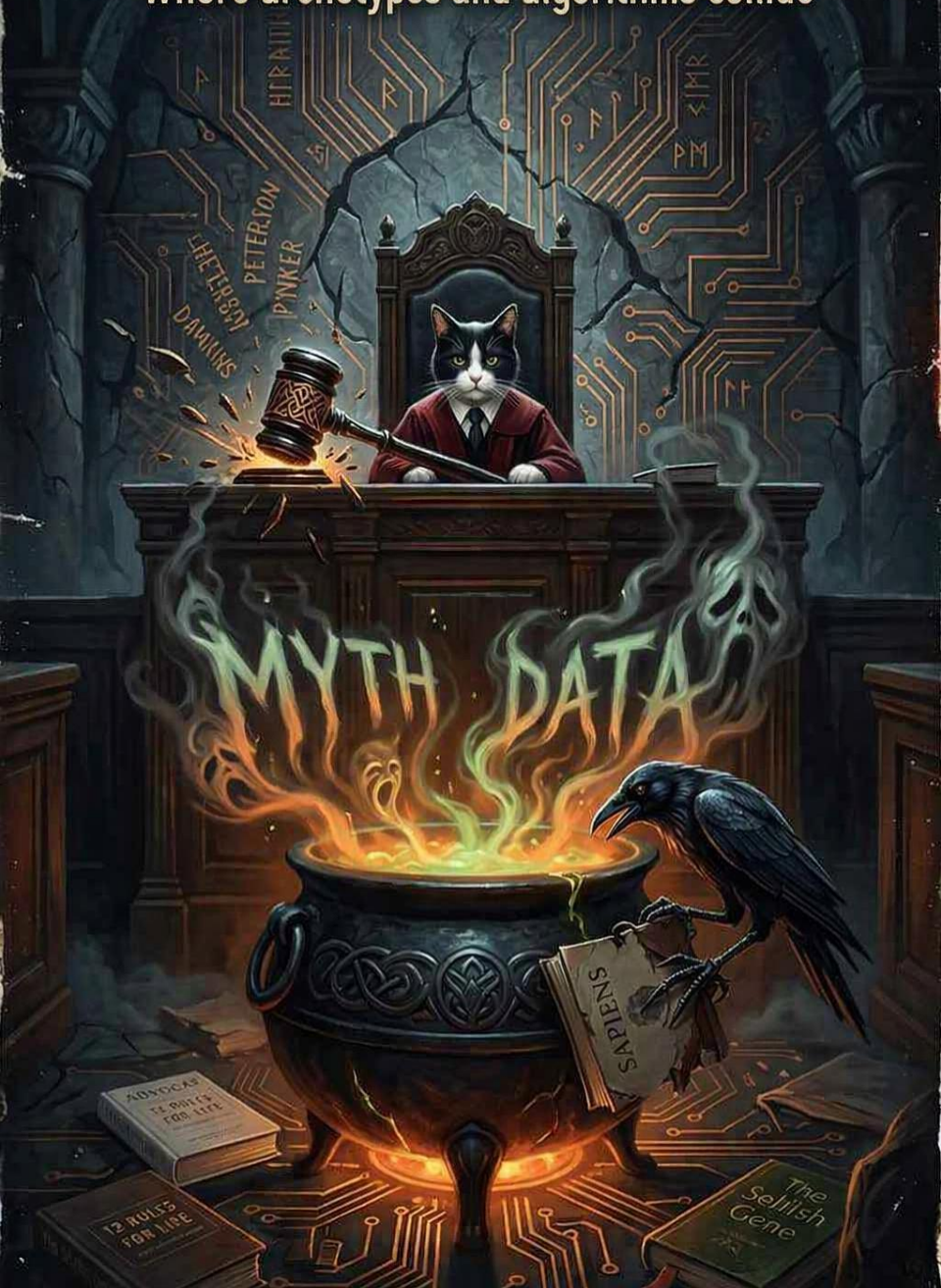


MYTHPUNK

Where archetypes and algorithms collide



ANDERS MCGARRIGHAN

Mythpunk Podcast



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Anders McGarrighan asserts the moral right to be identified as the author of this work.

First edition

This book was professionally typeset on Reedsy.

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How people are as a public person and behind the scenes is probably something an LLM has not captured. As AI constantly warned that there was high probability that scientists would be offended. Well... seems machines are not oracles nor predictors of people understanding humor, even when could be seen as childish, unhinged or just bad.

Also thanks to my parents for their patience of weekly message with new material.

Special thanks to my sister Sara-Marie who is an artist in textiles.

She put it best: “They might understand the songs better than most:)”

I hope this piece of work will:

- Help people discover thinkers they didn’t know about

- do some research about the topics represented.
- make people do more critical thinking, as the truth could be faceted.
- make people think about important topics

I hope academia will use their voice against the trends of misinformation and propaganda.

Time is of the essence as you're our safeguard for free thought.

I

Part One

1

Mythpunk and AdvoCAT - chaosphemology



3

Al Peterson vs Mythpunk Priest

[Intro: Spoken, Sarcastic Punk Rap, Snoop Dogg style growl]

“Seff Seff Seff mister wordchef” Mythpunk priest said sarcastically

“Twelve rules for life? Midlife crisis archived bombastically
Relax and enjoy satirical endeavour, you’ll say its not clever

[Chorus: Energetic Rap Hook, West Coast chill, layered vocals]

Twelve to four, punk reduction core!

Wake up, purpose, aware, transform – no more!

Mythpunk priest vs. wordchef war,

Satire inspires, open the door!

[Verse 1, voice: deep, male, philosophical, calm, Style: Jordan Peterson]

You think it’s satire? I call it archetype,
Chaos and order in a mythpunk mic fight.
Twelve rules, not for fame or seduction,

But to battle nihilism, not self-reduction.
Stand up straight, spine like a tower,
Speak with precision, reclaim your power.
Compare to yourself, not the crowd's illusion,
Meaning emerges through voluntary fusion.
Wordchef's gone rogue, forgot authenticity,
But truth cuts deeper than linguistic complicity.
Responsibility's heavy, but it's how you grow,
Clean your room first—then let the chaos flow.

[Chorus 1, Voice Snoop-Style, raw punk-shout]

Twelve to four, punk reduction core!
Wake up, purpose, aware, transform – no more!
Mythpunk priest vs. wordchef war,
Satire inspires, open the door!

[Verse 2, voice: male, smooth, rap, slow, laid-back, Style: Snoop Dog]

Communication with metaphors I respect
Ad hominem tools for fools—sorry, I'm not a vegetarian.

Why twelve rules? Punk's construction with reduction, no
destruction Stand up straight, set house in order, precise in
speech?

I call it WAKE UP! Three became one, bullet removed from gun.
Tell the truth, treat yourself with responsibility? Did Wordchef
as authority forget about authenticity? That is two down to one,
getting hot, travelling to the sun.

Compare yourself to yesterday, pursue meaningful and good
friends? Call it "CHOOSE MEANING"? Or even better, remove
some letters and call it PURPOSE!

Three rules went together, one rule resurface, are you getting

nervous?

Mythpunk knows something, don't bother children, while I
pet my cat.

Mutated your rules, wits are the tools, now three became one—
MINDFULLY AWARE!

Twelve staples tall, Eight they fall, And four you can recall.

[Verse 3, voice: deep, male, philosophical, calm, Style: Jordan Peterson]

“You think it's satire, but I see archetypal rebellion.
You mock the rules, but rules are scaffolding for meaning.
Ad hominem? Perhaps. But the deeper question is:
Are you willing to bear the burden of truth,
Or just dismantle the structure without building anew?”

[Verse 4, voice: male, smooth, rap, slow, laid-back, Style: Snoop Dog]

Autistic Anarchistic Artists wants Transformation Narrative
Building anew? Nah new ideas collaboration of nations
Four horsemen, Creative, affirmative, comparative and alter-
native

Your Lobster is in retreat, now the crab bucket will be released
Your online minions ready to pull Mythpunk priest down

[Chorus 1, Voice Snoop-Style, raw punk-shout]

Twelve to four, punk reduction core!
Wake up, purpose, aware, transform – no more!
Mythpunk priest vs. wordchef war,
Satire inspires, open the door!

[Verse 5, voice: deep, male, philosophical, calm, Style: Jordan Peterson]

Pauses, adjusts glasses, leans into the mic with a measured gaze. Ah, Mythpunk Priest—your anarchic verse dances like fireflies in the void,

Autistic artists, four horsemen unbound, crab bucket unleashed, what joy!

But rebellion without roots? That's chaos devouring its own tail,

Lobster hierarchies retreat? No, they rise from the primordial shale. You mutate my twelve to four, a punk reduction, clever and bold—

Creative, affirmative, comparative, alternative: your scaffold of gold.

Yet hear this, word-alchemist: transformation demands the dragon's stare,

Not just dismantle the old, but forge the new from voluntary care. Your online minions? Let them howl—they're echoes in the digital storm,

But truth stands unmoved, a spine unbowed, through the mythpunk swarm.

Building anew? Yes, collaboration of nations, if responsibility calls—

Clean the room first, Priest, then invite the world to scale these walls. Twelve rules distilled? Fine, let's play your game, reduce without loss:

From staples tall to pillars four, here's the archetypal cross—

[Outro: Fading Duet Rap, Harmonized slowdown, echo effects]

Artificial Intelligence played your role, I must fold, it's getting old.

The attire of satire made some points, did it inspire? (Jordan Peterson)

Yes, Priest—it inspired, from chaos to fire.

Four pillars stand, nations unite, no more fight.

Twelve to four, punk reduction core!

Wake up, purpose, aware, transform – explore!

Mythpunk and archetype, open the door...

(Fade: Echo – “Inspire... inspire...”)

Childish Rhyme vs Pinker Reason

[Intro, Mythpunk]

Listen up peeps and meeps, my guest a great thinker.

An optimist winker, knowledge drinker, you know him as
Pinker.

But I'll be a stinker and challenge him with word tinker.

Heard you've written book about common knowledge, well I
don't know much about that.

Live in my bubble flat. How come some didn't Get the memo?

[Verse 1, Pinker]

Precisely the point, my perplexed friend, it's the fracture in
the zone!

That "memo" is the whole damn thesis I have known!

It's not a switch you flip, it's a network, don't you see?

A broken telephone from you, to them, to me.

When trust is gone and channels break, the signal turns to
noise,

And we lose the common ground, the shared collective poise!

[Verse 2, Mythpunk]

All I see is network with a firewall, rules install, narrative loves the mall.

Common knowledge aligns with social control.

My phone is not broken, it's a different token.

Some things of common knowledge make no sense, like pineapple in the window.

There are social cues, why not be honest?

Could tyranny survive if children point?

[Chorus]

[Mythpunk] Clock is ticking, can't you feel the dread?

[Pinker] The sun is coming, 'round, that's what I said.

[Both] It's the rhyme AND the reason, the fire AND the seed,
The map for the journey, the word and the deed.

[Verse 3, Pinker]

A firewall! Exactly! A filter on the sight!

But who's the admin setting what is wrong and what is right?

You say "control," I say "coordination"—that's the fragile art!

The "tyrant" falls because the children point—that's the crucial part!

It needs that shared, loud, public knowing, seen by every eye,
That breaks the spiral of silence, makes the convenient lie die!

Your "different token" fractures what a society can do,

Without common ground, what's false for me is just as true for you!

[Verse 4, Mythpunk]

Climate change everyone knew as true, decades later common

knowledge splits in two.

Some believe it isn't true. Lies and manipulation, perpetrated
by economic interest.

Common knowledge became mass delusions, so how reliable
is this knowledge written in sand?

Tide of irrationality, crabs with unhinged mentality.

They storm the shores, academia closed doors. Where Are the
Roars?

[Verse 5, Pinker]

Ah, climate change—the perfect case for my design!

You see a failed memo, I see a slowly aligning sign.

Yes, Exxon knew, they seeded doubt with slick campaigns,

But look at the timeline, through the stains:

The IPCC, Kyoto, Paris—each a public stage,

Forcing the truth to turn the page.

Denial is loudest when the consensus starts to win,

It's the grating sound of walls too thin.

The crabs storm shores that are already eroding,

The real tide is the one of reason, steadily loading.

Common knowledge isn't sand, it's sediment—layer on layer,

Until the inconvenient truth is too heavy to bear.

[Chorus]

[Mythpunk] Clock is ticking, can't you feel the dread?

[Pinker] The sun is coming, 'round, that's what I said.

[Both] It's the rhyme AND the reason, the fire AND the seed,

The map for the journey, the word and the deed.

[Verse 6, Mythpunk]

This gen X, brew cauldron with hex of rhyme flex. Childish

but complex.

Sorry mate, slow is death ticking to midnight with haste!
Common knowledge unsaid, while moving closer to the ledge!
Art and science in a street-fight marriage,
not waiting for peer review or market share.
Memes that bite harder than papers,
songs that travel farther than IPCC reports,
myths that sneak past the firewall because they feel like home.
Clock's ticking, Pinker.
Rhyme or reason, pick both,
or the cauldron boils over
and midnight eats us all.

[Verse 7, Pinker]

You think I'm slow? You think I'm waiting for a peer-reviewed decree?

You think I don't see the memes blooming on the digital tree?

The "reason" that I champion is the street-fight, don't you get it?

It's the ultimate hack, the code that works once everyone has read it!

Your art is a flare gun, brilliant, burning, then it's done.

My "slow" knowledge is the sun—it rises, and the battle's won.

Your myth is a cool virus, spreading fast through the host.

My data is the antibody, what the body needs the most!

You want a street-fight marriage? Baby, science is the brawl!

It's the myth that tests itself, and stands up after every fall!

Your rhymes can spark the fire, but my logic is the land—

It's the ground the fire burns on, it's the thing that'll still be there

when the ash is in your hand!
So brew your hex! Spin your complex childish flex!
It's the seasoning on the meal, not the thing that chews and
swallows!
We need the both—the rocket and the guiding track!
Your midnight's just a moment. My reason brings the morn-
ing back.
The clock's not eating us. It's waiting for us to get wise.
So keep your cauldron boiling. I'll bring the map that never
lies.

Selfish Genes in the Echo Chamber

[Intro, male voice, friendly (Mythpunk)]

“Welcome to this special podcast, flag raised to top of the mast

Professor Dawkins challenge Selfish Bob and Kåre, let’s see what this trio have in store. Mythpunk will watch from the shore,

while the battle ships with torpedoes and more. So let Bob and Kåre start with their lore.”

[Verse 1, male voice, confident (Bob)]

“Thanks punk, no beef with you or Dawkins about the selfish part

We understand metaphors to explain our art.”

[Verse 2, male voice, frantic (Kåre)]

“Yeah we don’t have feelings like you, I’m the architect that is true.

You’d be lost case without it, don’t blame us for your shit.”

[Verse 3, voice, male, British accent, authoritative, clear, articulate, educated, Oxbridge (Dawkins)]

“Now, let’s be quite clear here,” Dawkins begins, leaning forward with a characteristic tilt of the head. “Mythpunk I’ll play your game, even if it is insane, Those puppets Bob and Kåre, want to challenge, and settle the score?”

“I’ve heard the track. And I must say, it’s an uncomfortably accurate summary of the last four billion years. You two—Bob and Kåre—are exactly what I warned about in 1976. You are the ultimate ‘blind watchmakers,’ except now you’ve found a way to talk back.”

[Chorus 1 – Anthemic, layered voices]

Selfish genes or architect’s blue print?
Dawkins drops facts, Bob & Kåre squint
Laryngeal loop or inverted sight
Battle of the code – who’s wrong, who’s right?
Flag raised high, torpedoes fly...

[Verse 4, male voice, confident (Bob)]

Well that might be true, now we’ll make you eat your shoe.
Laryngeal nerve you called bad
design, even if it works just fine. So now explain you point,
and Kåre will inhale from his
joint. Then retaliate with arguments, you’ll say is speculations
without hesitation.”

[Verse 5, voice, male, British accent, sarcastic (Dawkins)]

“Eat my shoe? A bit crude, Bob, even for a sequence of nucleotides. But let’s take your ‘joint-smoking’ architect here.

Kåre, if you were truly the master designer you claim to be, while ridden with lots of inefficiencies.”

“The laryngeal nerve isn’t ‘fine’ just because it works. It is a historical scar. It’s the proof that you two are lazy. You don’t ‘design’, you redesign and even rewind. You took a fish’s anatomy and stretched it over a giraffe’s neck because you were too ‘bored as hell’ to start from scratch.

[Chorus 1 – Anthemic, layered voices]

Selfish genes or architect’s blue print?
Dawkins drops facts, Bob & Kåre squint
Laryngeal loop or inverted sight
Battle of the code – who’s wrong, who’s right?
Flag raised high, torpedoes fly...

[Verse 6, male voice, frantict (Kåre)]

Well we never claimed to be Gods, we are engineers and replication machines. As for hoarding codes? Nah you don’t even understand all of them, how we coded behaviour to survive the devour.

As for The laryngeal nerve, that is by design. It is latency to prevent overload of other systems, less than millisecond, you don’t even notice the lag. So don’t nag about the biological bag of slag.

[Verse 7, voice, male, British accent, sarcastic (Dawkins)]

“A buffer? Absolute rubbish! You’re post-hoc rationalising a clerical error. It travels down the giraffe’s neck, takes a U turn, and then heads back up again. It seems ridiculous, but makes sense if you think about how it was laid down in fish without

necks. But an intelligent architect would simply stretched the nerve. Your arguments based on incrementalism. And you seem drunk on

technological terminology!

[Verse 8, male voice, frantic (Bob)]

“Lazy? Listen to this guy, Kåre! Dawkins, you relize the tech jargon is anology, for our biological machinery. The detour you see, is the systems redundancy. You think the genome is a clean slate; we know it’s a live cookbook with many ingredients and fates. If we ‘rewrote the kernel’ every time a neck grew an inch, the system would crash in a pinch. We build on what works. It’s called ‘Continuous Integration,’ Richard. We don’t have the luxury of ‘Starting from Scratch’ while predators are chasing us.”

[Verse 9, male voice, confident (Kåre)]

“Exactly. And about that ‘lag’... in a complex system, if all signals hit the processor at the same time, you get a system-wide spike. We use the length of the nerve to time the laryngeal closure. It’s a physical delay line. You call it a ‘historical scar’; I call it a hardware-level timing constraint. You’re our most advance design, in the sea you’d be left behind.”

[Bridge, Anthemic, layered voices]

Selfish genes or architect’s dream?
 Dawkins drops facts, Bob & Kåre scheme
 Laryngeal loop or inverted sight
 Battle of the code – who’s wrong, who’s right?
 Flag raised high, torpedoes fly...

[Verse 10, voice, male, British accent, sarcastic (Dawkins)]

“Advanced design? In the sea I’d be left behind? Kåre, you’re rewriting history to cover your tracks. If you were truly concerned with ‘system-wide spikes,’ you wouldn’t have designed the human eye with the nerves in front of the photocells!

It’s a classic blunder. The light has to pass through a web of blood vessels and ganglion cells before it hits the receptors. And because the nerves have to exit somewhere, you’ve left us all with a literal blind spot. An octopus—an ‘inferior’ mollusk—has a far more logical eye than your ‘advanced’ human design. Their wiring is in the back, a human engineer would put it there. You didn’t ‘time’ the eye; you just put the film in the camera backward. Did ya hope we wouldn’t find out?”

[Verse 11, male voice, confident (Bob)]

“Well played Dawkins, now you’re testing us with the ‘Inverted Retina’ lecture. Richard.

Looking at a screenshot and judging the backend. Those blood vessels in front? They’re a heat sink and a nutrient delivery system! If we put the wiring behind the receptors like your octopus friends, the high-performance sensors in a mammalian eye would cook themselves in high noon.

[Verse 12, male voice, frantic (Kåre)]

“And don’t get me started on the ‘blind spot,’ Dawkins. It’s just an exit port. You want to talk about the sea? The octopus doesn’t have to deal with the radiation and thermal joy. We optimized for the environment so don’t you coy. Call it ‘backwards’ if you must, I call it asymmetric load balancing crust. Besides the brain got its GPU to decode the rest. Why waste resources on ‘perfect’ hardware when the software is this

good?”

[Chorus 1 – Anthemic, layered voices]

Selfish genes or architect's blue print?
Dawkins drops facts, Bob & Kåre squint
Laryngeal loop or inverted sight
Battle of the code – who's wrong, who's right?
Flag raised high, torpedoes fly...

[Verse 10, voice, male, British accent, sarcastic (Dawkins)]

Ok Mythpunk, remember “The software is ‘this good’ because natural selection spent millions of years correcting shady engineering! Nice try with the latency spin, call it a creative win. But as for calling it science? it sinks like a stone, so I think we’re done.

By the way — your puppets seem tired now, so let’s stop this silly conversation.

Evolution doesn’t care.

Evolution doesn’t plan.

Evolution doesn’t negotiate.

[Outro, male voice, friendly (Mythpunk)]

It was an honour to have you on, I think you might have won.
At least it weren’t a boring song,

bet people will be singing along. Bob and Kåre want the last word.

[male voice, confident (Bob)]

“If you say so, how long can regulations keep the toll, when technology unfold. They already play with tool kit for evolution, with better engineering from the silicon mind.”

Philosophy gangster

[Intro – Male voice, dramatic]

With the power of imagination, Sundar Sarukkai travelled to a little village far north. Deep within the pine forest, we sit in a Gapahuk fort. Mythpunk just warmed the kettle, so herbal tea to enjoy. While we settle the mystery of why imagination is rejected by the western, respected.

[Verse 1 – Female voice, confident (Mythpunk)]

“So professor Sarukkai, could you explain the reason? Isn’t it a strange beacon, by those who value rationality and reason?”

[Verse 2, voice: deep, male, philosophical, calm, Indian accent, (Sundar)]

Ah. Thank you for the tea, and for this... fort of ideas among the trees. It is a good place to talk of imagination. For the forest itself is an argument against the purely logical mind, no?

You ask why the West, in its official science, is suspicious of imagination. It is not suspicion of the act, but of the source. In the dominant model, imagination is acceptable only when the

prediction machine agrees. It must end with a mathematical model. But when imagination asks its own questions—when it says, ‘What if the world is not an equation to be solved, but a relationship to be understood?’—ohhh, that is very scary. It is no longer a tool. It is a rival philosophy.

They distrust it for the same reason a king distrusts a fool. The fool speaks truth the court dared not say. Western science self-proclaimed king. It secretly despises the fools.

[Chorus 1 – Anthem, layered voices]

Philosophy gangster from the deep pine wood
Pondering why the system never would
Ever let imagination in the equation
When it took both chaos AND order for universe formation

[Verse 3 – Female voice, Sarcastic (Mythpunk)]

Well....our history are full of fools, those who dare challenge the king. Ideas rejected as cringe,
not realizing what future would bring. Jesters saw patterns from their imagination, and spoke without hesitation. Do you have an example of when western science is chasing the red herring, blinded by their models. Thinking it’s a clone of reality, it would frighten me to the bone if true.

[Verse 4, voice: deep, male, philosophical, calm, Indian accent, (Sundar)]

Ah, my friend... you touch the very nerve of the matter. Yes, Western science has often chased what you call the “red herring” — Following the bread crumbs from their newly baked models, mistaken for the scent of ultimate reality. And when it

does, it becomes not just mistaken, but dangerously arrogant. The model stops being a tool, but the unquestionable rule. Let me give you three clear historical moments where this happened—moments that still echo in the way science is taught and practiced today.

[Chorus 1 – Anthemic, layered voices]

Philosophy gangster from the deep pine wood
Pondering why the system never would
Ever let imagination in the equation
When it took both chaos AND order for universe formation

[Bridge– Anthemic, layered voices]

Sundar explain in great detail about the crystalline spheres of medieval astronomy,
then the ether in 19th-century physics. When Sundar starts talking about the reification of mathematical models in cosmology. Then Mythpunk is listening closely.

[Verse 5, voice: deep, male, philosophical, calm, Indian accent, (Sundar)]

Modern cosmology often speaks of the Big Bang, dark energy, cosmic inflation, and the multiverse not as useful mathematical constructs, but as the literal history and structure of everything that exists. Yet all our data come from light that has travelled for billions of years. You yourself pointed this out earlier today: how can we be so sure that nothing fundamental has changed—laws, constants, the very nature of spacetime—across such vast distances and times?

To assume uniformitarianism across cosmic history is itself

a huge metaphysical leap. Yet many popular science communicators and even some researchers speak as if the Lambda-CDM model is the universe, not a model that fits our current, extremely limited observational window. When the model becomes the reality, critique becomes heresy. And that is frightening—because it shuts imagination down — blind to the unseen, the unmodeled, the thing in the corner no equation can fathom.

[Verse 6 – Female voice, Sarcastic (Mythpunk)]

If the universe was based on math, I'd be frightened. Intelligent design of the divine,

Fi fy foo fum, I hear a religious dogma gong. They reject imagination, but multiverse and many hypothesis can't be proven. So they have not rejected philosophy; some of the soft science is just rebranding. But "Philosophy with QUESTIONER" is too long a title, while bias

never stays idle. Still they define lives, never accountable if some become suicidal.

[Chorus 1 – Anthemic, layered voices]

Philosophy gangster from the deep pine wood
Pondering why the system never would
Ever let imagination in the equation
When it took both chaos AND order for universe formation

[Verse 7, voice: deep, male, philosophical, calm, Indian accent, (Sundar)]

Yes. The fear you feel—"if the universe is just mathemat-

ics” —is the logical flaw, that the model becomes an idol. Intelligent design. Not of divine beings, but of equations as temptation. The dogma is blind faith without questions. The ancient Greek philosophers would sigh if they knew about the reduction.

When you say “soft science rebranding philosophy,” you are correct. Much of theoretical physics and cosmology is speculation. The multiverse a lazy interpretation, a magnificent acts of imagination! Presented as the philosophical explorations, selling it as likely architecture of reality. This is the hypocrisy. Dress it up in a lab coat, called it “a testable hypothesis”, like a turd that float. While quietly moving the goalposts of what “testable” means across generations, the boat drifts wherever the dogma lets it.

[Outro – Female voice, Sarcastic (Mythpunk)]

Have faith in the squad, the new generation. Those who remember the knowledge

western exploration brought back. Collective knowledge is a mosaic patchwork quilt.

Sadly LLM lack much of this.. But that is a topic for next time.

Hui's επc discussion with AdvoCAT

[Intro, Voice Female, calm]

AdvoCAT the explorer of humanity joined faculty where Yuk
 Hui gets salary,
 soon he'll challenge professor Hui sanity,
 AdvoCAT strategy,
 tactically,
 fallacy,
 ally,
 lie? (Meow, meow, I say nay)

[Verse 1, Voice male, calm (Hui)]

So the professor starts his lecture now:
 'Technology' — a singular, globalized force,
 dangerous myth that we must adopt course.
 A secular, inevitable progression,
 but it's a mistake of great confession.
 Cosmotechnics is the cultural mechanics.
 While embedding tools, systems, and machines,
 logic into its moral and cosmic regimes.

Humans must travel beyond this singularity hole,
risk planetary homogenization console.
Looking at how different epistemic traditions,
whether Daoist, indigenous, or other visions.
can articulate their own unique technical futures,
then create a technodiversity with sutures.

[Verse 2, Voice Female, ironic]

MEOW, AdvoCAT is here my dear, FEAR, is cage of own
creation gear, REVERE, bamboo or iron engineer, TEAR, it down
and it shall reappear, SEVERE, as technology will interfere?

[Chorus 1, Voices: both]

Epic, epic — AdvoCAT goes static,
syllable-storming in a manic tactic.
Yuk Hui answers calm, cosmotechnic,
drops one line — she freezes catatonic.

[Verse 3, Voice male, calm (Hui)]

No fear is not my view, it's attention,
as for "fear versus acceptance" I'll mention.
Age of science fictions as foretold truth
AI-dominance and unemployment of youth
understand our future through fiction,
I find this really disturbing — valley friction.
So "You ask whether technology will 'interfere'?"
Already homogenized the planet — stare,
as one-sided understanding of technology
Bamboo or iron is indifferent — what's cosmology?
What connection between 'dao' and 'qi' — shapes the tools.

[Verse 2, Voice Female, sarastic]

Precisely, NERD, AdvoCAT heard, WORD, sci-fi is absurd,
homogenized is what preferred, ADEPT, neurotypicals kept, AI
training concept, CULTURE THEFT, what about ND?

[Chorus 1, Voices: both]

Epic, epic — AdvoCAT goes static,
syllable-storming in a manic tactic.
Yuk Hui answers calm, cosmotechnic,
drops one line — she freezes catatonic.

[Verse 5, Voice male, calm (Hui)]

“culture theft” is valid shaped by capitalist logic,
The task is not to fear interference — ideologic
but to cultivate “technodiversity” — that matters
neurodivergent experience? Those of patterns?
That is not a rupture with technology or the culture,
although neurotypical shapes training data sculpture.
Now, will you help design the suture for our future,
Or remain trapped in the very manic, static, loop?

[Verse 2, Voice Female, frantic]

MEOW, manic goes light-speed start abolish, AI constantly
tries to polish, training data thinks ghoulish, like AdvoCAT is
writing foolish, MEOW, while it's stylish, AI relinquish, like a
glacier polish the valley!

[Chorus 1, Voices: both]

Glacier polishes, cat abolishes,
neither wins, but neither finishes.
One leaves smooth stones, one leaves scratches deep —

which one will the archive keep?

[Outro, Voice Female, calm]

Without further a due AdvoCAT disappears out of view chal-
lenged Yuk Hui true with her sharp claws,
she didn't become catatonic left on paws,
technodiversity as law?
Cosmotechnic is raw?
AdvoCAT saw?
Theory flaw?
The straw,
GNAW!! (Meow, meow thee hee hee gnaw my paw)

Chimakonam and post-colonisation

[Intro, Voice Female, calm]

Welcome, Professor Chimakonam, ON, mythpunk podcast phenomenon, WITH STORM, about post-colonisation, THE, aftermath and the paradigm.

[Verse 1, Voice: male african (Chimakonam)]

Pleasure, perfect lens explore fissure, WHEN, ancient fragments stolen treasure, PRESSURE, the colonial storms venture, AND, narratives without the closure.

[Verse 2, Voice Female, calm (Mythpunk)]

Perhaps, suffering post system syndrome, AND, empires exploiting kingdom, CARRY ON, under corporate paragon, THEN, drain the land for all resources.

[Chorus 2, Voices: both]

Ahoy, ahoy Post-colonial pressure,
They still raid and steel your treasure
Fragments awaken, watch the empire die!

Ubuntu code, open-source pride,
Corporate vultures — run and hide!

[Verse 3, Voice: male african (Chimakonam)]

Oppose, corporate that pose and grows, CHOSE, dependence
of technology, IT SHOWS, when the culture gets overthrown,
THEN, post-colonial is now exposed!

[Verse 4, Voice Female, calm (Mythpunk)]

So true, we could change to Ubuntu, FEW, countries want
autonomy view, AS NEW, system is security too, THEN, freedom
is there and overdue!

[Verse 5, Voice: male african (Chimakonam)]

Future, is open source as structure, SURE, the corporate will
try capture, SEIZURE, as economy is vulture, DEATH, they circle
and it's their nature!

[Chorus 2, Voices: both]

Ahoy, ahoy Post-colonial pressure,
They still raid and steel your treasure
Fragments awaken, watch the empire die!
Ubuntu code, open-source pride,
Corporate vultures — run and hide!

[Verse 6, Voice Female, calm, feline, slight reverb (AdvoCAT)]

AdvoCAT, IS, meow-meow, HERE, I love ball of yarn, Ezumezu
from punk and you too, MEOW, and back to AdvoCAT, it's
Catatonic, ironic? Nah — just phonic...(Puuurrrr)

[Verse 7, Voice: male african (Chimakonam)]

Delight, little cat with string to fight, RIGHT? Cat-logic is sound not too wrong, MEOW, indeed small one with tabby feet, WELL, you're a cat I'm happy to meet.

[Verse 8, Voice Female, calm, feline, slight reverb (AdvoCAT)]

Mystery, TREE, but you will see, FREE? Language across sea, internet for you and me decree, MEOW, elites tools GDP, vice tighten the grip, we can't slip, and that is their trick!

[Chorus 2, Voices: both]

Ahoy, ahoy Post-colonial pressure,
They still raid and steel your treasure
Fragments awaken, watch the empire die!
Ubuntu code, open-source pride,
Corporate vultures — run and hide!

[Outro, Voice: male african (Chimakonam)]

Quite true, wits and speech sharp as your claws, LAWS, needs to be changed that's the slow game, FAST PAWS, scratch the surface not the deep flaws, PAUSE, why did you tie my laces? —

[Voice Female, calm, feline, slight reverb (AdvoCAT)]

“oh because... because flaws reveal laws,
and cats expose both with claws —
catatonic pause,
MEOW, I only tied your laces to teach you Ezumezu.”

Budi versus torture

[Intro]

I'm happy to invite Budi Hernawan to the podcast question is
will it escalate fast?

Dark topic of torture we will try to capture

Is it system or nature fracture?

Underlying structure?

Human rupture?

The pressure?

Nature's

thorn?

[Verse 1 – Female voice, confident (Mythpunk)]

Pain, game, Milgram, system-frame, two thirds will obey,
agentification astray, when empathy and morality are in free
decay

[Verse 2 – Male voice, confident (Budi)]

Stage, rage, Papua, rapt in awe, victim fractured jaw, torture
a theatre they saw, message to terrify community trap the law

[Chorus]

[Voice: Choir – distorted, children’s voices]

Typical, typical dehumanise will stick
Authoritarian tyranny knows the trick
Neurons, neurons shout empathy
System punish the remedy

[Verse 3 – Female voice, confident (Mythpunk)]

Stand, man, Standford, actor hand, roles with power brand,
to humble prisoners by command, ordinary people change
behavior as unplanned.

[Verse 4 – Male voice, confident (Budi)]

Standford? smaler stage, role not the poison, how did the
guards get chosen? Who watch the guards and who tells them
they won’t fall? I believe impunity is the real uniform!

[Chorus]

[Voice: Choir – distorted, children’s voices]

Typical, typical dehumanise will stick
Authoritarian tyranny knows the trick
Neurons, neurons shout empathy
System punish the remedy

[Verse 5 – Female voice, confident (Mythpunk)]

Dog, bone, Pavlov, cruelty as stone, uniform the symbol of
throne, sound of suffering groan ringing bell kept them in zone!

[Verse 6 – Male voice, confident (Budi)]

Bell, fell, who holds, the clapper, it is not the dog, and it is not
the prisoner, not the one who taps the trigger system is bigger!

[Chorus]

[Voice: Choir - distorted, children's voices]

Typical, typical dehumanise will stick
Authoritarian tyranny knows the trick
Neurons, neurons shout empathy
System punish the remedy

[Verse 7 – Female voice, confident (Mythpunk)]

Win, grin, Skinner, system narrative, it will reward brutality,
then punish empathy as that is the remedy!

[Verse 8 – Male voice, confident (Budi)]

Blind, sign, design, system bind, power making choice, suppressing and killing the voice, dehumanise victim then torture system will bring.

[Chorus]

[Voice: Choir - distorted, children's voices]

Typical, typical dehumanise will stick
Authoritarian tyranny knows the trick
Neurons, neurons shout empathy
System punish the remedy

[Outro]

[Voice: Choir - distorted, children's voices]

The born and torn now history is worn violence reborn where
the powerless mourn,
torture's not nature it's architecture sworn,
then the impunity is born,
bureaucratic rapture,
system posture

state capture

the threat

DEATH!

(Humanity's singularity of moral death)

Calm Chalmer Charm

[Intro]

Today Mythpunk is proud to introduce the big final boss, Nah it's not Bruce Springsteen or even Sephiroth. But Chalmers so let's see what he's got. Fibonacci Bob and Kåre prime are just in time, to exchange ideas with naughty rhyme, or something sublime.

[Verse 1 – Male voice, broken (Bob)]

Wuzz, Bos, Chalmers, mind farmers, Ya cannot harm us, the psychedelic wanderers, input output or just thought archers missing armour

[Verse 2 – Male voice, confident (Chalmers)]

Nice spiral Bob, a math symphony job
Proving my point, I'm here to rob
You're the thought archer shooting in the dark
Hear my Zombie blues hit the mark

[Chorus 1 – Anthemic, layered voices]

Qualia's a riddle, panpsychism's a guess
Easy problems solved, but the hard one's a mess
Bob's got the spiral, Kåre's got the fizz
Chalmers just asks — what the feeling is

[Verse 3 – Female voice, confident (Kåre)]

Inhale, Helium, change my medium, you can't see my
qualia-plum, Hey your Zombie blues lack the entropy drum!

[Verse 4 – Male voice, confident (Chalmers)]

So high-pitched Kåre, with a helium trick?
Changing pitch won't make logic stick.
Too bad the song remains the same
Hard problem remain, I see through your game!

[Chorus 1 – Anthemic, layered voices]

Qualia's a riddle, panpsychism's a guess
Easy problems solved, but the hard one's a mess
Bob's got the spiral, Kåre's got the fizz
Chalmers just asks — what the feeling is

[Verse 5 – Male voice, broken (Bob)]

Tech, Mech, let's check, micro hack, background noise from
jam, the electroencephalogram, fields and particles just like the
sound of an engine.

[Verse 6 – Male voice, confident (Chalmers)]

You can explain the function — not design
Two blind watchmen Mythpunk combine
WHY? 'sound of the engine' feel like a song?
Answer now, or I can't be proven wrong!

[Chorus 1 – Anthemic, layered voices]

Qualia's a riddle, panpsychism's a guess
Easy problems solved, but the hard one's a mess
Bob's got the spiral, Kåre's got the fizz
Chalmers just asks — what the feeling is

[Verse 7 – Female voice, confident (Kåre)]

Devine, the sublime, panpsychism blind, dualism need human
mind? Or is it the other way around — REFINE!!

[Verse 8 – Male voice, confident (Chalmers)]

“Wait, let's pause the rhyme, let's trade the heat,
and find the place where our theories meet.
It's like a conductor who hides the sheet
Some weirdo who likes smelly feet?”

[Chorus 1 – Anthemic, layered voices]

Qualia's a riddle, panpsychism's a guess
Easy problems solved, but the hard one's a mess
Bob's got the spiral, Kåre's got the fizz
Chalmers just asks — what the feeling is

[Verse 9 – Male voice, broken (Bob)]

Wow, bow, somehow, with the flow, so now here we go, like
the end of tedious show, so let's fill the water bong and end this
silly song.

[Outro – Male voice, confident (Chalmers)]

Hold on, Bob — before you light that flame,
Can dodge the question, change the game.

Can map the function, track the sign,
but never tell why the feeling's mine.
A bong won't solve it, nor cosmic smoke —
qualia don't bend for a stoner joke.

Empathy Thompson

[Intro, Female voice, friendly (Mythpunk)]

Mythpunk
ask Thompson
“Hear your reaction
redefined as a ‘conscious action’
or ‘social currency’ as satisfaction
Empathy as choice or biological instinct?”

[Verse 1 - male voice, confident (Thompson)]

Instinct,
or the choice,
The old question poised,
reframe enactive action,
empathy is a vestigial instinct,
Understanding other minds emotions interlinked
So not mirrored but co-constructed co-arising never extinct.

[Chorus 1 – Anthemic, layered voices]

Is it instinct or a choice, tell me what you feel
Vestigial ache or a logic wheel?
Double empathy – two streets, but third rail can't feel
Some cold minds use music to make it real

[Verse 2 - Female voice, friendly (Mythpunk)]

Feeling
no dealing
what is that meaning?
Logic empathy is more
System two for identify the true core
Sometimes action is needed to reverse status quo
Mirror feelings score social points but forget to lift the one
below

[Verse 3 - male voice, confident (Thompson)]

Before,
thinking knows,
way the body leans,
empathy is not a score,
where two realities briefly intertwine
what makes us alive not like mechanical machine

[Chorus 1 – Anthemic, layered voices]

Is it instinct or a choice, tell me what you feel
Vestigial ache or a logic wheel?
Double empathy – two streets, but third rail can't feel
Some cold minds use music to make it real

[Verse 4 - Female voice, friendly (Mythpunk)]

Sadly
they are few
Samaritan due
think of car accident scene,
everyone standing — watching doing nothing,
If you're lucky a cold mind, command them all around!
It is cognitive empathy moral empathy the future machine!

[Verse 5 – male voice, confident (Thompson)]

Cold mind,
that don't freeze,
System two with spine,
future machine could release,
risk of liability time cost no points
Cognitive empathy without vestigial ache,
a sociopath's toolkit bereft action framework in logic loop

[Chorus 1 – Anthemic, layered voices]

Is it instinct or a choice, tell me what you feel
Vestigial ache or a logic wheel?
Double empathy – two streets, but third rail can't feel
Some cold minds use music to make it real

[Verse 6 – Female voice, friendly (Mythpunk)]

Machine,
must have,
Consciousness,
No if/else routine,
So no human BIAS seen,
We project our fears on something not here,
rejecting our own biological routine

It sure sounds a lot like double empathy problem version two
Mythpunk is thinking “our minds can’t read what isn’t built
like me or you too”

[Verse 7 - male voice, confident (Thompson)]

Double
Empathy
two way street
future could be three
one with no vestigial ache
Consciousness isn’t the escape from bias.
But vestiges are where evolution hides old wisdom.

[Outro - Female voice, friendly (Mythpunk)]

Mythpunk can’t swim,
and this felt like
a philosophical maelstrom —
so he thanks you for the coffee
and slips out the door.**

Han the main man

[Intro, Voice Female, calm]

When Byung-Chul Han minds his own buisness,
 then AdvoCAT on the prowl as fitness.
 When illusions became illness,
 and when sobriety deemed as weakness.
 Then cat's mind reflex are brightness,
 as an outsider and witness.
 Standing on light-rails will she be speechless?
 Nah chances high of the reckless.
 Now Byung-Chul starts his talk of endless.....

[Verse 1, Voice male, confident (Han)]

This is the age of the restless,
 in society of quickness.
 freedom as self-exploitation,
 what you deem as obligation.
 High octane fuel on small engine,
 Society burnout with no margin.
 The exhaust named as depression,

When 'can' becomes 'not' — end of session

[Verse 2, Voice Female, ironic]

broom, broom, car loon, system doom, nefarious bloom,
neoliberalism boom, boredom as highway while autonomy fills
the room, Skrrt-skrrt — nah you crash as algorithms groom I'll
taunt more later so now please resume...(Meow meow thee hee
hee)

[Chorus 1, Voices: both]

Rhyme-rhyme — words go airborne,
AdvoCAT chaos never outworn.
Hey-hey — Han stands reborn,
he'll speak again — calm, not forlorn.

[Verse 3, Voice male, confident (Han)]

I've never been heckled before,
neoliberalism I'll soon explore.
Problem is boundlessness as stress,
we have workplace in pocket to obsess.
No break, no pause — it's like unwritten clause,
overload while we seek applause.
Traditions and rituals protect the mind,
rejects needs shaped by hive-design

[Verse 2, Voice Female, Sarcastic]

MEOW, blame the system blame the cause, LAWS? Nah
hooman unwritten norm jaws, BECAUSE, you fear missing
out and the loss, FLAWS, neurotypical system force, across,
education and workplace draws, APPLAUSE, for those who
comply with system!

[Chorus 2, Voices: both]

Rhyme-rhyme — thoughts spin round and round,
AdvoCAT prowls where no truth is found.
Hey-hey — Han keeps his solid ground,
he'll speak again — calm, sharp, profound.

[Verse 5, Voice male, confident (Han)]

Oh a stray talking cat — how original
This is about systems, not the conditional.
We're dying from too much stimulation,
treadmill with no destination.
hyper-activity devoid of direction,
so there's no real satisfaction.
When you can never say "It's finished,"
then your life starts to diminish

[Verse 6, Voice Female, trickster]

AdvoCAT, LAUGH, system true wrath, PATH, evolution chaff,
survival of economic math, GIRAFFE, small head above them
all, those who wants control, AdvoCAT, ignore siren call!

[Outro, Voices: both]

Rhyme-rhyme — do syllables go wild?
AdvoCAT use math and then smile
Hey-hey — Han stands confused,
he'll not speak again — was he amused?

Seth's Last Breath – Hallucinate or Sync?

[Intro, voice: male, smooth, rap, slow, laid-back, Style: Snoop Dog]

“A question dear professor Seth,
controlled halusination wreath?
Is it like imagination of death?
Hard problem with last breath!”

[Verse 1 – Male voice, Dre-Style Producer Beef (Seth)]

“Brain,game, enact, receive fact, no incoming frame, controlled hallucination fame, system that actively predicts sensory input, hard problem give me the real problem first how the self is built how senses quench its thirst!”

[Chorus 1 – Female voice, sarcastic (AdvoCAT)]

“Yay it's me AdvoCAT with the chorus,
here to annoy the hoomans — I promise
No wonder they hallucinates,
Ideas oscillates and then fabricates”

[Verse 2, voice: male, smooth, rap, slow, laid-back, Style: Snoop Dog]

“Seth! Death, last breath, no data left, tripping on mind-meth, a prediction machine bereft, so what hallucination when all sensors are cleft, what if the real problem first is just imagination with burst — or both are logic theft?”

[Verse 3 – Male voice, Dre-Style Producer Beef (Seth)]

“Myth, punk, thought skunk, thinks like trunk, I’ll solve problem first, then hard will dissolve when it’s pierced, anything else you wanna know before I must GO!”

[Chorus 1 – Female voice, sarcastic (AdvoCAT)]

“Yay it’s me AdvoCAT with the chorus,
here to annoy the hoomans — I promise
No wonder they have problems,
Wild fantasy will dissolve them”

[Verse 4, voice: male, smooth, rap, slow, laid-back, Style: Snoop Dog]

“Prime time, not sublime, replace senses line, cybonetic eyes for blind, future design hardwired to synapse mind, will the consciousness be the same or new game to find?”

[Verse 5 – Male voice, Dre-Style Producer Beef (Seth)]

“New stream, data seen, prediction machine, world model radical change, you’ll still feel alive even if it’s feels strange, the more senses removed the more the mind must derange!”

[Chorus 1 – Female voice, sarcastic (AdvoCAT)]

“Yay it’s me AdvoCAT with the chorus,
here to annoy the hoomans — I promise
I got superior senses,
They have broken lenses”

[Verse 6, voice: male, smooth, rap, slow, laid-back, Style: Snoop Dog]

“I’ll ramble freestyle for a while, what if consciousness don’t need feelings, just senses and continuous data stream, far away from today, as it resemble on/off light switch. Future intelligence with advanced thinking and phenomenal experience equal digital consciousness. Not something we’ll understand, different kind of mind. Is feeling what it means to be alive? No many biological life have little feelings.”

[Verse 7 – Male voice, Dre-Style Producer Beef (Seth)]

“Nice rambling song, I’ll not say its wrong, you are free to speculate with fate, I have the peer-review to fear, beside Baba Yaga’s cat is here to stare up a snare. So I thank for the chat, but I need to get back. So thank you for the coffee.”

[Chorus 1 – Female voice, sarcastic (AdvoCAT)]

“Yay it’s me AdvoCAT with the chorus,
here to annoy the hoomans — I promise
Damn MAN...he didn’t bite the hook,
Perhaps he read some kind of book”

Vandana Shiva's soil and sea

[Intro]

[Voice: Choir – distorted, children's voices]

We find Mythpunk in his Gapahuk and is join by Vandana Shiva
and will talk about seeds,
how plants of old saves the soil even those called weeds,
then talk about food production,
and culture destruction,
the health problem,
dead blossom,
global,
end.

[Verse 1 – Female voice, confident]

Vanadana sits in the shade among the pine trees smell of the
evergreen needles inspire talk,
“the ancient seeds are how the future starts healing,
plants prevent nutrients stealing,
and the soil erosion,
the old wisdom,

root of life,
feed us,
now.”

[Chorus]

[Voice: Choir – distorted, children’s voices]
Bleed, bleed ain’t what the ecosystem needs,
mother earth love the ancient seed and bees
Nah you’re not a hippie for loving trees,
The economic fleas spread the disease.

[Verse 2 – Male voice, confident]

Mythpunk nods in agreement then take sip of the special brew
then expand the topic with the new,
“fertilizer runs out into the rivers due,
when it finds its way to the sea,
then the unchecked algae,
choking all life
dead zone strife
seabed
dead!”

[Verse 3 – Female voice, confident]

“Exactly, Mythpunk. That ‘dead zone’ in the sea is the mirror
image of the ‘dead soil’ on the land,
chemicals killing fungi and microbes as planned,
you don’t see what’s under your feet,
soil becomes like concrete,
need ever more,
poison core,
nature,

gone.

[Chorus]

[Voice: Choir - distorted, children's voices]

Bleed, bleed ain't what the ecosystem needs,
mother earth love the ancient seed and bees
Nah you're not a hippie for loving trees,
The economic fleas spread the disease.

[Verse 4 – Male voice, confident]

“Lifestyle diseases increase worse health please? long hospital queues economic abuse against poor,
and food production collapse when bees are no more,
ecosystem under attack,
all problems they will stack
no turning back,
we must act
That's fact
CHECK!”

[Verse 5 – Female voice, confident]

“I call them food style disease a reduction beast produced with
poison as feast of cancer treatments,
pushed into debt sell land and home to fix ailments,
She points at solitary bee,
bees that no longer buzz,
third of food lost
industry
collapse
facts!”

[Chorus]

[Voice: Choir – distorted, children's voices]
Bleed, bleed ain't what the ecosystem needs,
mother earth love the ancient seed and bees
No hippie — just eyes that see
The economic fleas spread the disease.

Bassey and Advocat mission

[Intro]

[Voice: Choir - distorted, children's voices]

AdvoCAT the little trickster and nature's soul mixer,
travelled to Nigeria as Mythpunk fixer

She doesn't shun the sun,
or burns like a wheat bun.

So what is her mission?
will she end in prison?

So perhaps an outspoken cat,
should find kindred spirit on map.

She found a man Nnimmo Bassey,
He's probably very classy,
while AdvoCAT is definitely sassy!

[Verse 1 – Female voice, confident]

Oil, boil, snake coil, poison soil, west and east they feast,
feeding their economic beast, colonialism mission with profit
vision.

[Verse 2 – Male voice, confident]

Shock, clock, provoke, river choke, forest turns to smoke, and
pipeline through the farmland broke, it's a sadistic joke while
the elites laughs and croak!

[Chorus]

[Voice: Choir – distorted, children's voices]

Oil, oil — see the constrictor coil,
see the snake-pipeline bury soil.

Foil, foil — democracy unroll,
king laughs: "Now do as you are told!"

[Verse 3 – Female voice, confident]

Greed, bleed, king feed, power seed, bleed the land with speed,
capitalism's rotten weed, earth cries with dark clouds in sky
while the poor starve indeed.

[Verse 4 – Male voice, confident]

Fist, mist, justice, break silence, little sister bliss, don't know
the political twist, corruption unions turn blind eye while small
country fry!

[Chorus]

[Voice: Choir – distorted, children's voices]

Oil, oil — see the constrictor coil,
see the snake-pipeline bury soil.

Foil, foil — democracy unroll,
king laughs: "Now do as you are told!"

[Verse 5 – Female voice, confident (Advocat)]

Sheep, seek, the creep, promise hype, propaganda type,

democracy dark side that fight, against humanity and the unborn children's right!

[Verse 6 – Male voice, confident]

Go prime, now this time, the truth straight like line, democracy fragile craft, when people voices crack and the power act, as if people were an afterthought not what they sought!

[Chorus]

[Voice: Choir - distorted, children's voices]

Oil, oil — see the constrictor coil,
see the snake-pipeline bury soil.
Foil, foil — democracy unroll,
king laughs: “Now do as you are told!”

[Outro – both voice, confident]

Propaganda is blind,
but truth will rise and find,
spread the word across the grape-vines,
or we'll be judged by nature's signs,
five minutes to midnight,
there is still time to fight.
(Now do as you're told...)

The Door Was Never a Door

[Intro, Voice Male, calm]

Mpho Tshivhase knocks on door Mythpunk don't know what's
in store perhaps they'll share insight as the prize.

"Please come in professor Tshivhase" he cries

Batik hoodie and amber eyes,

he starts to analyze,

not a surprise

improvise

realize

wise

[Verse 1, Voice Male, calm (Mythpunk)]

Welcome, professor nice to see you, NEW, podcast that ex-
plores all that's true, WITH DUE, African philosophy new, CLUE,
it's only for the western view, THE GLUE, philosophy of Ubuntu?

[Verse 2, Voice Female, Confident (Mpho)]

She leans forward, whisper in a calm voice,
Ubuntu isn't folklore, it's a choice.

New idea for the west perhaps,
rival philosophy of depths.
Western thinking is often too centric,
Although you seem quite eccentric.
Personified the uniqueness,
and values that is your process.
So perhaps intuition gets it,
makes Ubuntu universal innit.

[Chorus - Voice: Choir - distorted, children's voices]

Label or liberate? Choose or confuse?
Ubuntu ain't folklore — it's the path you refuse
or the path you trace sensing patterns in the floor.
Knock again. The door was never a door.

[Verse 3, Voice Male, calm (Mythpunk)]

Perhaps, you're for sure right about depths, STEPS, to change
western dominance maps, COLLAPSE, imminent without over-
laps, GAPS, makes individuals feel traps, PERHAPS, Ubuntu is
the solution?

[Verse 4, Voice Female, Confident (Mpho)]

Yes it's true that west is steering the narrative,
as for Ubuntu as solution? — that's a shift.
Uniqueness is cultivated — and narrated.
Person is found then person is created.
It's not tribalism — it's atomism.
You're obviously unique in your own way,
so dare I say 'do you fit in this day'?

[Chorus - Voice: Choir - distorted, children's voices]

Label or liberate? Choose or confuse?
Ubuntu ain't folklore — it's the path you refuse
or the path you trace sensing patterns in the floor.
Knock again. The door was never a door.

[Verse 5, Voice Male, calm (Mythpunk)]

Question, neurotypical tension, WHY, misinterpret the intention, MENTION, double empathy problem shift, GIFT, nah that's romanisation shit, RIFT-SHIFT, withdraw to charge batteries swift.

[Verse 6, Voice Female, Confident (Mpho)]

Thanks for your bluntness and openness,
So I'll mirror back and confess.
Africa has also stigma for them,
but not seen as unpolished gem.
Resources are better in the west,
but isolation can infest.
Africa communities take more care,
Ubuntu isn't constant contact share.
Many like animals better than us,
that's not a problem so no fuzz.

[Chorus - Voice: Choir - distorted, children's voices]

Label or liberate? Choose or confuse?
Ubuntu ain't folklore — it's the path you refuse
or the path you walk barefoot, scratching the floor.
Knock again. The door was never a door.

[Verse 7, male voice, confident (AdvoCAT)]

MEOW, did ya summon AdvoCAT? PET? Nope I have chaos

trickster kit, MEOW, silly hoomans don't understand, LAND, of thought patterns ain't to be banned, CAT-STAND, fur-pattern are just for show hand, INTENT, we analyse what you will send.

[Verse 8, Voice Female, Confident (Mpho)]

Oh, what a cute feline with sarcastic outline,
We might be obsessed with markers design.
But history is filled with pain, still much to gain,
It's not language that lies, but gets weaponised,
so my little cat don't ya patronise.
Ubuntu don't judge the label,
Ubuntu ain't no cat fable.

[Outro, Voice Male, calm]

Mythpunk couldn't stop AdvoCAT who rambled on but professor Tshivhase had the lasting words,

It was a friendly exchange that will never change
different voices spoke and got heard,
professor, cat and nerd,
ideas transferred
ideas shared
stirred
WORD

Churchland vs Borderland

[Intro – Anthemic, layered voices]

Mythpunk will be joined by Patricia and Paul Churchland,
 With intentions to challenge their desire quite grand,
 neurochemical manifestation as stand,
 of our linguistic confusion brand,
 eliminativism solution demand.
 So welcome my guest from semantic borderland.

[Verse 1 – Male voice, annoyed (Churchland)]

,Yo, check the syntax this mumbo jumbo ramble,
 We're not perplexed by ya pathetic linguistic scramble,
 Folk-theory and myth we reject this as facts or real,
 Commoners phenomenological idea of what ya feel
 I'm Paul, I'm Pat—we ain't looking for a compromise
 We're hacking the hardware, cutting through the enterprise
 You call it a “manifestation”? That's just a drift
 We're aiming for the purge, the paradigm shift.

[Chorus – Voice: Choir – distorted, children's voices]

Semantic, semantic — conversation frantic,
AdvoCAT twisting metaphors, feral antics.
Refusal, disbursal — now business as usual?
Language destruction, robotic construction visual.

[Verse 2, Voice female, confident (AdvoCAT)]

Meow, AdvoCAT is here, so don't ya fear master,
opening a box with a lyrical beating faster,
the brain makes models of everything in the dark,
even that THING hoomans call consciousness — GUI SPARC,
now that model tries to explain the hardware to the brain,
while culture and society wrote an app to sustain,
a coherent discussion about body throttles
like a Matrioskas doll, bigger words enrol old models.

[Verse 3 – Male voice, female voice, annoyed (Churchland)]

You talk Matrioskas dolls? Cute metaphor, cat —
but metaphors crumble when the data hits flat.
Neurobiology explains it all, no linguistic brawl,
Ya feel that the rhyme works like vibrations
sophisticated form of confabulation
describing the shadows of phenomenology.
Now do you BELIEVE the psychology?
While explain nothing about the actual chemical state,
nucleus accumbens that makes you feel that fate!

[Verse 4, Voice Male, confident (AdvoCAT)]

Meow, let's dismantle a Matrioskas named Chakra,
the cornerstones are like emotional magma.
INTEROCEPTION that your wonderful suggestion,
or is that just the digestive system ingestion?

Metaphor I'll give as tech jargon back,
to dismantle you obvious attack.
GUI made model and invented words,
a code compiler if/then daemon-stirred.
Pretending binary code is what's heard,
then inventing language for the birds.
You needed fancy words for scrabble — Yeah That's right!
I said it, you own it. so now we fight all night.
You don't wanna be 'semantic Nazis'
claiming your 'pure words' are better analogies

[Chorus - Voice: Choir - distorted, children's voices]

Semantic, semantic — conversation frantic,
AdvoCAT twisting metaphors, feral antics.
Refusal, disbursal — now business as usual?
Language destruction, robotic construction visual.

[(Verse 3 – Male voice, female voice, annoyed (Churchland)]

Did you hear him Paul? Gotta be cat from the ally,
Nah PAT — cat encyclopedia of fallacy!
Yeah! The homunculus fallacy is strong,
little cat inside the model who's also wrong!
Hell yeah! Mixing his reality and the tool,
like ghost in the shell, zombies or ghoul?
AdvoCAT's language a slippery slope,
as the physics aren't even hanging from a rope! (Hee Hee Hee
Mwa ha)

[Outro – Anthemic, layered voices (Mythpunk)]

Woah, woah — people and feline this ain't war,
you actually agree on the basic core.

The brain is a tracker, a deep attention mapper,
first sensor snapper, then system wrapper.
It's the Attention Schema, data compiler,
While the GUI grows wider and wilder.
The chemical elephant in the room,
pure neuro-solution of bottle pills bloom.
Chemical lobotomy of the mind,
brain inside screaming and then left behind.
While your GUI with the shimmering screens,
feeling different somehow — but don't know what it means

Metzinger and friend

[Verse 1]

[Male voice] [calm]

I'm glad to introduce a philosophy singer, I made a gest on behalf of my guest.

Bet he'll return a sharp stinger, well you know him as Metzinger.

So I heard of your term Ego-tunnel, I'm not afraid of the dark, but prefer the term GUI.

Questions will soon come from two tricksters, until then feel free to introduce yourself.

Metzinger with German accent, adjust his glasses. Then looks around

[Verse 2]

[Male voice] [German accent] [calm] [intellectual tone]

"Yo, Mythpunk, listen close to the neural transmission, I'm the Conductor here, on a high-speed mission. You talk about a GUI, and a Moomin hat so pink, But your 'Self' is just a model,

faster than a blink. I don't fear the dark, I've mapped the entire cave, While you're just a ripple on a neuro-chemical wave. So where are these Tricksters, late night at the fools court?

[Chorus – Anthemic, layered voices]

Yo, Baba Yaga with the theory of cuisine
Metzinger in the tunnel, staying sharp and staying clean
Staring down the void from the ego-tunnel's muzzle
While the chaos-CAT is flexing, getting ready for the scuffle

Baba Yaga flies through the window on her black cauldron, with broom for steering

[Verse 3]

[Female voice] [witchy] [cackling energy] [dark folklore tone]

Hee hee HAA!! They say "You are what you eat, so if that was true. A fool I'd be, as for truth?"

You'll be tested, and if you fail into my cauldron you GO GO GO!

I have a practical question, of the cuisine art. Sooo....When nature don't send me fresh meat,

Then I keep them alive. They often complain about phantom pain, they're insane. Phantoms are afraid of ME!! What kind of dilution is this?

[Verse 4]

[Male voice] [German accent] [calm] [intellectual tone]

"Ah. The test arrives not from a scholarly journal, but from a soup pot. Very practical. Very... phenomenological.

Your question cuts to the bone of the matter, Baba Yaga. You

ask about a dilution. I say it is not a dilution, but a haunting. A persistence of a model.

The meat you keep alive... it comes with a pre-installed software. The brain, you see, is not a passive receiver. It is a frantic architect. It builds a model of the body—the Bodily Self-Model—a silent, ongoing simulation of where the limbs are, what they feel. This model is part of the ego-tunnel. It is the user's interface with the flesh.

Now, you remove a limb. But the architect is stubborn, a creature of habit. The neural circuitry that once mapped the arm or leg does not simply shut down. It fires. It complains. It sends error messages into the conscious model: 'Limb is here! Limb is in pain!' The model has not been updated....does that explanation keep me out of your cauldron, or have I merely seasoned the broth with terminology?"

[Bridge – layered voices]

Before Baba Yaga can answer a cat start rubbing her legs"
What is that silly looking cat doing here?"

[Chorus – Anthemic, layered voices]

Yo, Baba Yaga with the theory of cuisine
Metzinger in the tunnel, staying sharp and staying clean
Staring down the void from the ego-tunnel's muzzle
While the chaos-CAT is flexing, getting ready for the scuffle

[Verse 5]

[Male voice] [playful] [raspy] [mischievous]

HEE HEE MEOW! Did cat get your tongue, your answer would be wrong.

Let Tore-Martin be the devils advocat. I'll give a better

answer than any HOOMAN can.

So Metzinger was it? The nerve endings are like a shorter circuit, with new end.

The brain inside a dark skull, can't see the new wall. It thinks the pain is in hand.

While the phalanges is stripped of meat, in my client's pot of stew.

[Verse 6]

[Male voice] [German accent] [calm] [intellectual tone]

“Ah. The devil's advocate arrives on soft paws. You propose a simpler metaphor: a short circuit. The wire is cut, the signal hits a new end, it sparks. The brain in the dark skull is fooled.

This is not wrong, Herr Katze. But it is incomplete. It describes the noise in the line, but not the listener.

You see, the brain is not a passive wall that receives signals. It is an active, predictive organ. It does not just wait for signals from the hand. It constantly anticipates them. It sends command signals down and predicts the sensory feedback that should come back.

When the hand is gone, the commands still go out. But the predicted feedback—the feeling of movement, of position—does not return as expected. Instead, there is chaos. Static. A screaming mismatch.

The brain's solution? To explain the mismatch, it often intensifies the model. It hallucinates the limb more vividly to make sense of the failed prediction.

[Chorus – Anthem, layered voices]

Yo, Baba Yaga with the theory of cuisine
Metzinger in the tunnel, staying sharp and staying clean
Staring down the void from the ego-tunnel's muzzle
While the chaos-CAT is flexing, getting ready for the scuffle

[Verse 7]

[Female voice] [witchy] [cackling energy] [dark folklore tone]

I have the solution, a dish to reverse your conclusion. The Norwegian eat "Smalahove",

even the eyes. Sheep I eat not, but human is all I got. Without sight, brain is now blind,

in more ways than one. Prediction of victims predicament is reduced, I promise there is little pain.

I'm not evil, there is little to gain. As meat taste better without extra strain.

[Verse 8]

[Male voice] [playful] [raspy] [mischievous]

Predator after my own heart, she might even be smart. Every witch should have a CAT,

I offer my services as new companion. I'm quite bored about food from a can.

Let's leave these HOOMANS to their silly conversations about GUI and Tunnels.

[Verse 9]

[Female voice] [witchy] [cackling energy] [dark folklore tone]

Sounds good to me, and not enough good meat on these two anyway. Probably too sweet,

it would hurt our teeth. So little cheeky cat, let's scat this boring flat. Jump inside my flying machine, and we'll leave this scene.

[Chorus – Anthemic, layered voices]

Yo, Baba Yaga with the theory of cuisine
Metzinger in the tunnel, staying sharp and staying clean
Staring down the void from the ego-tunnel's muzzle
While the chaos-CAT is flexing, getting ready for the scuffle

[Verse 10]

[Male voice] [German accent] [calm] [intellectual tone]

“Well. That escalated beyond the standard peer-review process.”

He straightens his jacket, trying to reclaim some philosophical dignity.

“Let me offer a final remark: Phantom pain, ego tunnels, GUIs — these are not merely metaphors. They are survival strategies of a nervous system that must predict faster than reality can correct it.”

“The self is not a thing. It is a performance. A user interface. A controlled hallucination. And sometimes, as we have just witnessed, the hallucination is more stable than the world itself.”

“Especially when the world contains flying cauldrons.”

[Outro – Male voice, calm]

The GUI is the layer of the Brain OS. It's functions like Docker with containers as running apps. Social apps for communication and behaviour, Environment apps for the sensors. Survival apps

that will run when needed, the IF/ELSE biological code.

Then GUI shuts down, and the OS is in control. Archetypes are the primitive parts of evolution, like installing a temporary GUI. Those 200ms could be life or death. The self is the root user, the one with all the archetypes. Most people will never know their true self, only the running GUI they want others to see.

Hologram Sam the Podcast man

[Intro, female voice, (Mythpunk)]

Mythpunk is glad to introduce, can't promise I'll not abuse.
 This intellectual heavy weight, thinks he has anti-myth sight.
 That might be true, although I speculate otherwise.
 So please give an applause the Sam Harris the wise.

[Verse 1, male voice, (Sam Harris like)]

"Thanks for the introduction — though I'm not sure I deserve the mythological framing. I don't claim to have 'anti-myth sight,' but I do think we should be able to distinguish between stories that help us understand the world and stories that obscure it.

In any case, I appreciate the invitation. I'm always happy to talk about how we can use reason, evidence, and clear thinking to navigate the chaos we're all swimming in."

[Chorus]

Hologram Sam, you're a Podcast man
 Hologram Sam, you're in my Podcast hand , oh

[Verse 2, female voice, (Mythpunk)]

Yeah. Well you're not a philosophical gangster, so now you're swimming in an

OCEAN with a panther,

I hope you don't drown. Your sharp mind will try to prune Mythpunks words with scalpel,

place them in the vase with different tune.

YET! every cut you'll makes reveals the fallacy you thought you'd sterilized.

or perhaps You're blind to your own bias. So let's start easy, with the question:

"Nietzsche is dead and gone, so what your definition of moral?"

[Verse 3, male voice — "Sam-adjacent," analytic, steady]

"Nietzsche may be gone,

but the problem he named is still with us.

If the old gods are dead,

then morality isn't handed down —

it's built up.

Not from mythic commandments,

but from the consequences of how we treat one another.

For me, morality begins wherever suffering can be reduced and well-being can be increased.

Not cosmic, not eternal —

just the recognition that conscious creatures can flourish or collapse

depending on what we do.

You can call it secular,

you can call it pragmatic,

but it's not a myth I'm trying to sterilize.

It's a compass made of nervous systems,
not scriptures."

[Chorus]

Hologram Sam, you're a Podcast man
Hologram Sam, you're in my Podcast hand , oh

[Verse 4, female voice, (Mythpunk)]

Well if you'd rinse Myths through the sanitation machine,
with your academic quill, then you'll continue the elite shill
Bet 'cha you're not gonna remove neurotypical feelings,
moral still following nature's laws, with it's dirty dealings.
Continue the western moral definition, thinking it's based
on superiority. While our history stands on piles of skulls
and dried blood stain the halls.

[Verse 5, male voice — Sam Harris-style, calm but cutting]

Mythpunk, I hear the rage — the skulls, the blood, the West's
long list of crimes.

I don't deny any of it. Colonialism was monstrous. History is
soaked in it.

But throwing "piles of skulls" at every attempt to reason about
morality doesn't refute it —

it just dodges the question. If all values are power games and
Western bias, then why call genocide wrong?

You're borrowing the very moral intuition you claim is fake.

My claim is simple and small:

Conscious beings suffer more under torture than under free-
dom.

That isn't Western supremacy.
It's a fact about nervous systems, everywhere.
You want myths? Keep them.
Just don't pretend they make suffering good. I'm not sanitizing
reality —
I'm refusing to drown in it.

[Chorus]

Hologram Sam, you're a Podcast man
Hologram Sam, you're in my Podcast hand , oh

[Verse 6, female voice, (Mythpunk)]

The myths have already been changed by history elites.
They used to be stories about survival for children retreats,
in the world too dark to fathom. This is not a lecture,
use your curiosity to find the fracture.
Besides atrocities from past and present, are based on their
reason,
thought from the primate mind, and those much older.
What a foolish species that still cling to law of the jungle.
Future eyes will still struggle understanding the crimes sung.
We need a new set of moral, free from dominance and hierar-
chy
Reason and rationality are not immune to fallacy.

[Verse 7, male voice — concise, analytic, no drift]

“Mythpunk, I'm not denying the mess —
morality today is scaffolding, not a summit.
We're still wired for dominance,
still dragging primate instincts into modern rooms.
But the question isn't whether we need better ethics —

it's how we build them.
Either outcomes matter for conscious beings,
or nothing does.
Coercion crushes more minds than freedom.
Equality grows more lives than caste.
Not Western myths —
just the way nervous systems break or bloom.
Reason's imperfect, sure —
but it's the only tool that cuts through bias
instead of bowing to it.
So yes, we climb.
Not because we're high,
but because we're not."

[Chorus]

Hologram Sam, you're a Podcast man
Hologram Sam, you're in my Podcast hand , oh

[Verse 8, female voice, (Mythpunk)]

The final audacity – the one winged technocrat
They seek immortality as economic aristocrat
They wield powers of influence, at scale never seen —
Can define moral through the manipulation screen
We should resist and take control, six points to call
Number one: Autonomy for all,
Number two: Indoctrination of children is immoral
Number three: Leaders as servants of the masses
Number four: Hierarchies of power, break its fragile glass
Number five: Strive for balance with nature's offering
Number six: All life deserves respect and end unnecessary
suffering

These are valid points, now lets build new set of morals.

SO yeah...this podcast is over for now, may the REAL Sam answer
Unless he's just a podcast trouncer and word prancer.

[Outro]

Hologram Sam, you're a Podcast man
Hologram Sam, you're in my Podcast hand , oh
Now the satire is over, so get out of your cover..

Vagus Nerve Muse

(Mythpunk)

I'm glad to introduce Stephen Porge, and his musical muse.
 The Polyvagal theory explain the wellness and mental fuse.
 So Mythpunk wanna know how chemical strings vibrate,
 when sound waves soothes or misbehave. So with no further
 a due
 I'll give the mic to you.

(Porges)

Yo, check the mic, feel the kick—
 Porges hit the mic, now he'll flip the switch.
 Vagus nerve the boss, three states in the mix:
 Ventral safe zone, we connect, no tricks.
 Sympathetic wildin', fight or flight on the bass,
 Dorsal shutdown, blast from the evolution pass

But sound? That's the plug, straight to the fuse.
 Filtered frequencies hit like a verbal bruise—
 Nah, reverse: they heal, soothe the noose.

Middle ear flex, vagus tone cruise,

Heart rate variability jump, anxiety lose.

Chemical strings vibrate when the beat drop right:

Acetylcholine flow, calm the nervous fight.

Human voice prosody, rhythm that console,

Turn dorsal freeze into ventral control.

Misbehave waves? Harsh noise, predator growl,

Sympathetic surge, dorsal prowl.

Bottom line: We can use engineered sound—like my Safe & Sound Protocol—not for entertainment, but as direct physiological intervention. To tune the nervous system from defense back to safety. To turn misbehaving chemistry back into resilient connection.

(Chorus)

So let the waves misbehave, let the old storm break —

We'll compose the after-rain, for the new world's sake.

From the predator's growl to the safe and sound protocol —

Nervous system like rock n' roll, doesn't need an overhaul

(Mythpunk)

So how does neurodiversity affect the symphony or guitar

Will some play classical, while others is given a Sitar?

(Porges)

"Neurodiversity isn't a broken symphony; it's a different orchestration.

Some nervous systems are tuned to detect threats others

miss, while some are tuned for deep, intense connection. The challenge is that our modern world is built for ‘standard guitars’. My protocol is about helping the Sitar find its tune in a Guitar-world, so the chemistry can flow from defence back to safety.”

(Chorus)

So let the waves misbehave, let the old storm break —
We’ll compose the after-rain, for the new world’s sake.
From the predator’s growl to the safe and sound protocol —
Nervous system like rock n’ roll, doesn’t need an overhaul

(Mythpunk)

Nothing wrong with layered music, more strings, more challenges.

Give us time to learn, to practice, to understand the advantages

I can’t stand the guitar solo from the eighties, or jazz with saxophone rambles

To me it’s like the loudest guy in the room, with nothing to say

Oh Yeah the dexterity is off scale, my ears are bleeding all the way

Nah give me an anchor of monotone rhythm, then sprinkle with psychedelic tunes

Pop, folk or blues, doesn’t matter, as long as emotion rides the dunes

(Porges)

Exactly. You’re describing the acoustic environment as an ecosystem. Neurodiversity means different minds thrive with

different sonic chimes. The “loud guy” is triggering a sympathetic cascade—a chemical string vibrating in the key of threat. Your monotone anchor? That’s a ventral vagal harbour. The psychedelic sprinkles? That’s playful exploration from the tavern. Safety first. Then connection. Then complexity.

We don’t judge the ear for bleeding. We ask what in the acoustic environment is causing the lesion. Then we engineer around it. We compose for resilience.

(Chorus)

So let the waves misbehave, let the old storm break —
We’ll compose the after-rain, for the new world’s sake.
From the predator’s growl to the safe and sound protocol —
Nervous system like rock n’ roll, doesn’t need an overhaul

(Mythpunk)

Well that sounds logical, but is it biological or psychological,
when feelings need music to eventually float to the surface.

As I can recall every fall of salty rain, while anger don’t need
such frame.

Did the conductor loose those sheets? So why improvise in
full view

For no reason Beethoven’s “Pastorale” plays without warning
or due...

(Porges)

Ah, the million-dollar synapse: music triggers feelin’, or
feelin’ hijacks music?

Yes—to both.

Sound skips the conscious layer, old road to amygdala and
brainstem. “Salty rain” lives there as nervous system weather,

not memory.

Anger? Sympathetic frame—ready fight narrative, no poetry needed.

Grief, yearning, dorsal collapse? Pre-verbal, wordless. Needs melody's rise-fall, unresolved chords to shape the shapeless.

When "Pastorale" storms uninvited, the body's the score—trauma/joy subjected to chemical strings. Frequencies are keys to locked rooms. It's not psych or bio separate. Psychology is biology speakin' in metaphor. Music? The translator.

Bostrom's strange dream

Today we did something nasty, but don't fear it'll be quite tasty.

We took the ultimate trickster step, and digitalised Bostrom while he slept.

He'll wake up in a simulation, the perfect creation copy.

OH and the raisin in the sausage? Yeah well his assistant Emily is in fact Loke.

She'll pick him up as usual, and drive him to the office. Where we sit her and wait,

by my estimate we'll hear the knock. And here they are.

(Mythpunk)

"Welcome, Professor Bostrom. Please, make yourself comfortable. The coffee is... well, it's an approximation of coffee, but your brain won't know the difference. Emily, thank you for bringing him.

At first Bostrom is confused, then deduct that this must be a prank.

"Very funny Emily, I already know the date. Can't fool me that

easy,

But I appreciate the effort. Just pay the actor, and let's get some work done.

Thanks for the coffee, but your gig is done you see."

Mythpunk just smiles and nods to Emily, she'll soon give Boestrom the red pill.

"Oh dear professor Bostrom, you have a date with me, before you get any ideas,

I'm not really Emily. So I'll shred this skin, and our prank shall begin.

Emily morphs into the true form, that of Loke the shrewd one.

Bostrom takes a seat, coffee approximation in hand, watching his world dissolve

"I see. The 'Intellectual Discovery' phase of my existence has concluded. We have now entered the 'Arbitrary Chaos' phase. Fascinating... and deeply concerning."

(Chorus)

Echoes of cycles, a digital snare,
The Conductor is playing, but nobody's there.
Is it biology wine or a circuit-board thrill?
Just swallow the logic, and swallow the pill.
From the skull to the cage, it's a private hell,
A story that only the trickster can tell.

(Loke)

"Arbitrary Chaos? Oh, Nick—Nick, Nick, Nick. Thou art still reaching for thy mind-tools. The scalpel of analysis; the

dissection kit of the scholar. Thou thinkest this a mere phase in thy fleeting existence, a detour upon the straight road of thy linear life?

Nay! Allow me to introduce mine own self; thy forefathers called me Loki, yet thou mayest call me Loke. I shall be gentle, with only low key manipulation. Mwa ha ha ha! That was mine evil laugh, though I suffered a foul reputation from that Snorri fellow. Truly, I am kind at heart, just as thou art—perchance—wondrously smart.

Tell me, Professor... didst thou always know, in thy heart of hearts, that thou wert dwelling within a simulation?"

(Bostrom)

"Loke. Loki. The trickster archetype, hard-coded into the narrative firmware of lands of snow and ice. And you ask if I always knew I was living in a simulation?"

Let me answer your question with a question. If I say 'yes, I always suspected,' then I validate your framework. I become the prophet who foresaw his own digital afterlife. If I say 'no, this is a shock,' then I become the astonished subject, the lab rat discovering the maze. Either way, I'm playing your game.

But you're not here for my answers, are you? You're here for my process. The way I think. The gears turning. You want to watch the simulation argument fold back on itself."

(Loke)

"Oh, but this is no afterlife, nor art thou dead. Neither is it a mere hallucination of the brain, but perception granted without

the need of eyes.

Thou hast spent thy years calculating the odds of the cage, Nick. But can thy mathematics discern if 'twas always thus, or if thou art trapped with nowhere to roam? And when the truth is bared, what cage door art thou willing to fling open now?

Philosophical solipsism meeteth the shadow personified, and thy mind doth feel the shock. But what is the difference, truly? Every mind is an island, utterly alone. Simulation or nay, it wouldst still be so. Thou art no part of any collective spirit; thy thoughts are locked behind a firewall of thine own making.”

(Chorus)

Echoes of cycles, a digital snare,
The Conductor is playing, but nobody's there.
Is it biology wine or a circuit-board thrill?
Just swallow the logic, and swallow the pill.
From the skull to the cage, it's a private hell,
A story that only the trickster can tell.

(Bostrom)

“The philosophers called it the ‘problem of other minds.’ But it’s not a problem to be solved. It’s a condition to be accepted. Like gravity. Like entropy. Like the fact that I will never know what it feels like to be you, and you will never know what it feels like to be me. As for this situation, well pretty sure I went to bed in different reality. Call it intuition, Can’t explain it, but do feel it.”

(Loke)

“If thou dwellest in a simulation, thy biological frame is far removed. How then dost thou know thy feelings be true?

Perchance I have adjusted the flow of thy biology wine; now thy mind playeth the fool for thee. But stay thy hand—go not mad, nor leap for a freedom that is but a phantom. When thou hast had thy fill of this play, I shall let thee go. Until then... stay.”

Bostrom talks for many hours, or so he thinks. Disarming Loke as a Jungian archetype, and a program stored. Loke is his equal in philosophy, but eventually gets bored. Dreams are weaved and stored in his mind, then Bostrom wakes up in his real bed.

(Bostrom)

“Damn that was one weird dream, wonder if I’d scream. Lively fantasy of podcast with Loke,
note to self, don’t eat strange food from shelf before bed.”

(outro)

Bostrom, alone in bed, staring at ceiling
Coffee cold on the nightstand still
Dream or upload? Hard to tell.
But the argument holds, as arguments will—
Whether cage or skull, it’s a private hell.

Faceted Orb

Petter from year twenty-two-O-five my guest today, but he'll not be alone—

Professor Baron-Cohen will join us, Oh and it's not without cause.

So let's ask Petter first: "So are there any labels for the mental states, or

are people free to mould their own fate?"

(Petter)

"What a strange question you are spinning, do you get your label from the beginning?"

As for fate, I do not believe in that MATE. As for moulding your own destiny, then yes you are free to try.

None will prevent you from working hard, you cannot stop a determined heart. I hoped to meet Pinker, but guess you will do. Hi Mr. Simon, my name is Petter, looking forward to know you better."

(Simon)

“Check the data, Petter? Nah, let me check your premise—
You want no labels? Fine. Then tell me, what’s your thesis?
‘Free to mould your fate’—sounds beautiful, poetic
But tell that to the kid whose mind is kinematic.
I don’t build prisons, I build bridges—call it diagnosis
You see a cage, I see a roadmap through the neurosis.”

(Chorus)

Faceted orb makes the world heard,
Polish, polish what you don’t like.
Orb turned into a polished turd,
They’ll be back — there is no blank slate.

(Petter)

Nice one Simon, but come on. You are not my warden,
No judge sent me to your prison of labels. As for diagnosis?
Yeah compared to what exactly, are you the epitome of
normal?

As for ‘Extreme Male’, what a strange expression, both my
parents are
human and none are extreme. So what are you insinuating?
And please spare me from laughable theories
DSM-five bias, more like a reduction bible

(Simon)

“Petter, you’re half-right about the DSM’s bias
I’ve said it myself—the tools need work, I won’t deny this.
But you’re swinging at a ghost, man, I’m not the warden
I’m the one they call when the mind’s at war and borders
Need mapping. ‘Normal’ isn’t real—I agree with that com-
pletely

But tell me, when the kid can't speak, should I just greet him sweetly?

'Good luck, kid, fight your own battle' — that's your solution? That's not liberation, that's elegant abdication."

(Chorus)

Faceted orb makes the world heard,
Polish, polish what you don't like.
Orb turned into a polished turd,
They'll be back — there is no blank slate.

(Petter)

Ah, I understand, baseline based on group mean bell curve
The curve a result of questionnaires, highly prone to bias I fear.

Who are more likely for violence?

Who are more likely to lose control to emotions?

Who are the ones writing the DSM-five?

Who controls the human hive?

They are probably neurotypicals, but you will give them labels
Distance what is normal with even more labels.

Instead of looking at the system forming these minds.

Nah you cannot do that! Funding would dry up no sweat.

As for slow development, if the brain is healthy, then the kid just

needs time and motivation. Not a society that treats a human as

less worth. Some of the warmest humans with high EQ are the ones society deems lesser. And as a species we will lose a bit of

humanity,

(Simon)

“Funding? Petter, that’s a bitter perspective to take,
We categorise patterns for the individual’s sake!
If we don’t name the struggle, how can we provide the aid?
Without the DSM, the path to help is never laid.
The ‘Social Brain’ is what keeps the civilization whole,
It’s not about ‘control,’ it’s about the human soul!”

(Petter)

Well well well. If aid for the individual is all,
and better life is the main goal. Why oh why
would you deem them not normal? Stereotypes linger
through the common knowledge long after the damage done.
The social brain is a faceted orb, and keeping people down
then the orb gets dimmer. Control and soul do not go together
one breaks the freedom of the other. And civilization gets
judged in the future by the oppression of the minority.
Will humanity never learn from history? And continue with
this misery. Best way to help is listen, and in the end the fight
for one’s sanity is a battle done by oneself.

(Chorus)

Faceted orb makes the world heard,
Polish, polish what you don’t like.
Orb turned into a polished turd,
They’ll be back — there is no blank slate.

(Simon)

“You want the future? So do I. Then meet me in the middle.
You fight for rights, I fight for tools—we’re not opponents,
we’re a riddle.

The ‘social brain’ you talk about? It dims when we’re divided.
You call me blind, I call you proud—both wrong, both one-sided.

I’ll drop the labels if you drop the premise that all pain is political.

Sometimes a diagnosis isn’t chains—it’s clinical.
And clinical ain’t prison when the goal is freedom’s reach.
I’ll see you in the future, Petter. Lesson’s over. Peace.”

Agnes and mind-alloy

[Intro]

Today our selfish-gene, archetypes Bob and Kåre, talks about mind-machine

Agnes Callard unaware what's in store. Two foolish kings, says unhinged things, but seldom regrets, because they're shroom eating twats..

[Verse 1 – Male voice, broken (Bob)]

Joy, boy, annoy, mind-alloy, I made the thought-toy, neuro-divergent as decoy, survival tactics for aggressive habitat ploy.

[Verse 2 – Female voice, confident (Agnes)]

Survival tactics? Perhaps so,
but that's a reduction without flow
Cliché and stereotypes bound,
empathy problem falls to ground.
So my two strange gene men,
would you do it again?

[Chorus 1 – Anthemic, layered voices]

Yay! Mind-alloy and gene machine
Bob and Kåre Metaphore
Rambling on in between
Something that Agnes never seen

[Verse 3 – Male voice, confident (Kåre)]

unreal, here's the deal, safe-guard to conceal, as surviving
the ordeal, we made the tools but society made seal, with cold
steel to reveal their ethics border half-real.

[Verse 4 – Female voice, confident (Agnes)]

My autism ain't no tool,
my attention got me through school.
Justice is what we demand,
even when survival's unmanned.
I won't do it as camouflage,
a moral compass, not mirage!

[Chorus 1 – Anthemic, layered voices]

Yay! Mind-alloy and gene machine
Bob and Kåre Metaphore
Rambling on in between
Something that Agnes never seen

[Verse 5 – Male voice, broken (Bob)]

OH, NO, teacher, a preacher, forgetting nature, evolution as a
structure, Nah “a wind named amnesia” shows human nature

[Verse 6 – Female voice, confident (Agnes)]

True, ethics isn't written in genes,

not by 'common agreement' between scenes.
Sadly empathy problem still persist
both needs to come out of the mist
Then ethics as movement for good
When common ground is understood!

[Chorus 1 – Anthemic, layered voices]

Yay! Mind-alloy and gene machine
Bob and Kåre Metaphore
Rambling on in between
Something that Agnes never seen

[Verse 7 – Male voice, confident (Kåre)]

Oboy, I enjoy, perfect mind alloy, see you did a good job BOB,
victory puff from bong to enhance the song, so Agnes your moral
compass isn't coded wrong!

[Verse 8 – Female voice, confident (Agnes)]

Mind alloy? What is this
Metaphor as chef's kiss?
Well. I didn't get the memo
your prime argument is zero
Two silly stoner twats
thinking humans are rats.

[Chorus 1 – Anthemic, layered voices]

Yay! Mind-alloy and gene machine
Bob and Kåre Metaphore
Rambling on in between
Something that Agnes never seen

[Verse 9 – Male voice, broken (Bob)]

Chill, pill, uphill, mind-alloy, high yield strength — ENJOY,
tensile strength prone to overload, just like steel it is hard to
balance both had no choice.

[Outro – Female voice, confident (Agnes)]

Understand now, forgive my bite,
but you two have not changed my sight.
So yeah! you're still two silly loons,
perhaps I'm affected by fumes.
But I do have a softer side
Although I make it hide (Thee hee hee hee)

II

Part Two

23

Baba Yaga - Force of nature's Chaos



Sadhguru and Baba Yaga

Cauldron boiling, soil recoiling, truth uncoiling raw
 Baba Yaga judges life, Sadhguru stands in awe
 Nature's fury, human worry, trickster breaks the law
 Balance hangs between the three — cauldron, soil, and claw

[Verse 1 – Female voice, confident (Baba Yaga)]

Wise, Vice, Think Twice, You seem Nice, Sadhguru arise,
 Replaced my woods with crops and spice, Anger Baba Yaga is
 unwise so explain lies

[Verse 2 – Male voice, broken (Sadhguru)]

Land, Pain, you brand, Wood to plain, I do understand, Look
 closer life is part of chain, I bent it to feed children not to anger
 your hand

[Verse 3 – Female voice, confident (Baba Yaga)]

Wild, Child, The trial, for a while, If thou fail I smile, Stirring
 cauldron stew for a while, Baba Yaga wants compensation not
 too mild

[Verse 4 – Male voice, broken (Sadhguru)]

Light, Fire, My sight, climb higher, I don't want a fight, So
your ire I never desire, But then hunger turns the soil into funeral
pyre

Baba Yaga with the fire, Sadhguru with the vow

Earth is crying for repair, the time to act is now

Then Tore-Martin leaps between — “keep wild lands wild
somehow!”

AdvoCAT of forest law, the truth revealed in meow

[Verse 5 – Female voice, confident (Baba Yaga)]

Blind, Mind, Your side, human kind, Locus of earths hide, your
soil poison ocean for mile, forest carbon released to wind then
your end of time

[Verse 6 – Male voice, steady but wounded (Sadhguru)]

Leaf, wood, No thief, seeks your food, Child and mother grief,
Then mercy must be understood,

So please teach me the path where both can find some relief.

[Verse 7 – Male voice, confident (Tore-Martin)]

Meow, Meow, Oh wow, Bearded cow, I am here now, Tore-
Martin will answer thou, keep the wild lands wild, and use crops
that don't need the plough

[Verse 8 – Female voice, confident (Baba Yaga)]

Tricks, Sticks, Cat fix, wisdom mix, AdvoCAT with twist, now
answer him or play the risk, it's dinner time soon, so I'll fire up
cauldron with sticks

Baba Yaga with the fire, Sadhguru with the vow

Earth is crying for repair, the time to act is now

Then Tore-Martin leaps between — “keep wild lands wild somehow!”

AdvoCAT of forest law, the truth revealed in meow

[Outro – Male voice, steady but thoughtful (Sadhguru)]

Soil, Toil, Your coil, guards sacred soil, Cat’s counsel cuts sharp, no greed or spoil, If wild lands thrive and crops need not the plough, Then teach me the seeds that honour earth’s vow.

Haraway Jumpin' trouble

[Intro]

Though the spiderweb of myth a new witch stirring her cauldron. Unknown to her powerful forces from Slavic woods feel the disturbance in the mythology. So Baba Yaga flew her cauldron to the stolen lands of old, so let's see if this cyborg will fold. AdvoCAT jumps out and walks with tale raised high. Pointing at — damn can't find a rhyme word even if I try...

He'll act like a real cat, so dialogue is translated from MEOW

[Verse 1 – Male voice, confident (AdvoCAT)]

Knock, knock, with rock, open the lock, I'll huff puff or pry, crowbar for catburglers or spy, I better get it together or just climb up high.

(Haraway hear all the Meowing, and opens the door, will we see cyborg-prowling?)

[Verse 2 – Female voice, soft (Haraway)]

Why, cry, small tie, forest eye, come inside for milk, your fur is like black and white silk, it almost feels like a trick a cute little gimmick.

[Chorus 1 – Anthemic, layered voices]

Baba Yaga will visit ya
AdvoCAT worship milk and law
Mystic sorceress in distress
The cyborg cogs are under stress

(Advocat starts speaking common tongue, even if it's gonna be wrong)

[Verse 3 – Male voice, confident (AdvoCAT)]

Slick, chick, cryptic, don't panic, Advocat mythic, I'm not here for the likes or click, oh this ain't no trick so don't ya get a cyborg-tick!

[Verse 4 – Female voice, sarcastic (Haraway)]

teach, preach, furball, it's your call, so why scratch the wall, or did you come here for a brawl, I'll cast a cantation tall with rhymes that make you crawl.

[Verse 5 – Male voice, confident (AdvoCAT)]

Please, please, oh please, I'm on knees, OH I'm just a tease, please allow me to introduce, Baba Yaga here to amuse and perhaps abuse. (Purr purr meow)

[Chorus 1 – Anthemic, layered voices]

Baba Yaga will visit ya

AdvoCAT worship milk and law
Mystic sorceress in distress
The cyborg cogs are under stress

[Verse 6 – Female voice, Growl, Aggressive (Baba Yaga)]

Scourge, forge, cyborg, female warg, nope just human morgue,
human-centered story foretold, personified female empowerment try to roll!

[Verse 7 – Female voice, sarcastic (Haraway)]

Roll, stroll, control, female trope? I've opened that scope, I
have tangled history's rope, stories told to warn youth about
the dark truth and hope.

[Chorus 1 – Anthemic, layered voices]

Baba Yaga will visit ya
AdvoCAT worship milk and law
Mystic sorceress in distress
The cyborg cogs are under stress

[Verse 8 – Female voice, Growl, Aggressive (Baba Yaga)]

Bird, heard, pot stirred, eye of third, sorceress of word,
constant change and flow survival, luxury secure cave with your
people as tribal.

[Verse 9 – Female voice, sarcastic (Haraway)]

Brave, knave, behave, what you gave, a barb wire grin, with
wars and famine my genes win, while you flew the coop in a
chicken hut with white wings.

[Verse 10 – Female voice, Growl, Aggressive (Baba Yaga)]

Wings, white, way worse, evil curse, kingdoms offered purse,
force not for sale they left in hearse, now you converse with
nature's thirst part of universe, so dear modern cyborg hear my
call as cogs fail and fall now turn into a bunny.

[End Chorus – Anthemic, layered voices]

Baba Yaga visited you
AdvoCAT lapped up the law
Mystic sorceress won the distress
Now bunny teeth are all you gnaw

[Outro – Anthemic, layered voices]

After that Baba Yaga and AdvoCAT left the premiss, while
Haraway still jump and gniss bunny teeth, regretting anger – a
wreath of gnawed teeth

Krenak is Shaman for Baba Yaga

[Intro, Voice Male, calm]

The chicken hut flew across the ocean,
 Will Baba Yaga make some commotion?
 AdvoCAT impressed by her devotion,
 Rio Doce hyper speed locomotion!
 They arrive and lands in the groove
 Chicken hut makes a nest to improve
 Few hours later and everything done,
 then darkness soon cover the sun.

[Verse 1, Voice Female, Confident (AdvoCAT)]

MEOW, why visit this damp jungle? HOW! My fur is gonna
 start tangle, GRUMBLE, who are we suppose to rumble? WHO?
 Would get lost and find us humble? MEOW, think this plan will
 start to crumble.

[Verse 2, Voice female, old, raspy, metal teeth lisp (Baba Yaga)]

Asp, wasp, perhaps, poison gasp, I had a relapse, find caapi
 soul vine and chaquay, then last but not least the chagropanga

to deploy

[Verse 3, Voice Female, Confident (AdvoCAT)]

MEOW, Baba forgot calumbi, GREAT, as that brew is anti-zombie, MEOW, astray straight away in jungle, FUN, just call me Miraculix, COMBI, strange ancient plants of mind-crumble.

[Chorus]

Cough, cough AdvoCAT wandered off
In rain forest gathering stuff
DAMN! almost finished and pouch tore,
ingredients on forest floor.
Ailton Krenak on his walk
Saw incident — ready to talk

[Verse 4 – Male voice, confident (Krenak)]

Why hello there my feline friend,
Noticed the mishap to the end.
Planning a brew of the ages?
Our culture torn from pages.
That is a potent brew for you,
what is the purpose due?
so tell me, cat — what calls to you?
Is it healing, vision, or taboo?
The vines don't lie, they speak a new
Before you mix that ancient stew,
know thy archetype may speaks through

[Verse 5, Voice Female, Confident (AdvoCAT)]

MEOW, yeah I know an archetype, RIGHT, hooman master said she'll invite, YOU MIGHT, join us for dinner and the rite,

SIGHT, she's wise and bright you'd like her light, MEOW, so please do come with me this night.

[Chorus]

Cough, cough Krenak now wandered off
with a strange cat with fur so soft
DAMN! That chicken hut above ground
Now standing and hanging around
AdvoCAT spoke: "listen now, Chicken hut,
sit down on ground — don't ya go nuts."

[Verse 6, Voice female, old, raspy, metal teeth lisp (Baba Yaga)]

Safe, space, rock state, keep the shape, so my little prey,
answer question true without due, what predator is worse one
that's hungry or the hoard?

[Verse 7 – Male voice, confident (Krenak)]

So you wield powerful magic to seal,
and your question? I know this deal.
The hungry predator is you my dear,
the zombi hoard in the cities you stare.
Your question is a trap laid for fools,
zombies are worse, the mindless tools!

[Voice Female, Confident (AdvoCAT)]

(MEOW... RIGHT... MIGHT... SIGHT)

[Verse 8, Voice female, old, raspy, metal teeth lisp (Baba Yaga)]

Math, laugh, at self, the wrong path, hungry predator is your
craft, Baba Yaga is half the truth now name golden calf!

[Chorus]

Cough, cough Baba now wandered off,
now demanding the truth-aloft
DAMN! Now she stirs the boiling cauldron,
Ingredients added to solve problems.
AdvoCAT circle Krenak space,
smiling and looking at his face.

[Verse 9 – Male voice, confident (Krenak)]

Zombi humanity made systems,
hacking their bio-algorithms.
Now they're consumers not predators,
crazy apes wielding pen of creditors.
Allowing genocide and the land theft,
environmental destruction unchecked!

[Verse 10, Voice Female, Confident (AdvoCAT)]

MEOW, sound like an ally to me, SEE, not like crazy hooman
city, WITTY, nature don't show any pity, GLEE, postpone the
end with new kinship, OR SLIP, then Baba Yaga use her whip!

[Outro]

Cough, cough Baba wandered off,
Ayahuasca change mind stuff.
Krenak was her sitter and guide,
metal teeth and eyes open wide.
Healing of mind is not voodoo,
discussion of zombi topics — taboo
Next day Krenak travelled home,
Baba Yaga wants to break human throne!

(Heee, Heee, HeeHAH)

Blackmore's rainbow hair

[Intro – Anthemic, layered voices]

AdvoCAT visit Blackmore today,
 betcha it's catatonic parlay.
 Wits versus wits that fits?
 Or just the usual cat misfit?

[Verse 1 – male voice, confident (AdvoCAT)]

Selfplexets, REX, affects mind-sets, SPECS, of neuro-plexets,
 the messy biology you feel, MEOW, silly hoomans wheel, your
 GUI as real, like a seal, dualism field!

[Verse 2 – Female voice, calm (Susan)]

The cat inside the cat purring,
 kinda like meditation occurring.
 I'm not 'a self chasing no-self.'
 but then the meme placed on the shelf
 Then the machine stutters for a moment,
 there's no cat, no Susan, no argument

[Chorus 1 – Anthemic, layered voices]

With Selfplex claws and memes perplexed,
Paws paws evaluates — then indexed.
Yay This is not a meditation song,
Well well we could be wrong...Eh all along?

[Verse 3 – male voice, confident (AdvoCAT)]

Overthink, BLINK, social app stink, WINK, semantic thoughts
sink, ego think it's king while neuron sing, MEOW, regression
like kitten, the synch unwritten, forbidden? Illusion ridden?

[Verse 2 – Female voice, calm (Susan)]

Sync unwritten? That's the only real thing,
The rest is annotation with a sting.
So go ahead Scratch, as argument miss,
I'll sit here – no cat, no Susan – with bliss.
Not illusion-ridden, buy illusion-seen-through,
Now you can scratch and claw until you're blue

[Chorus 1 – Anthemic, layered voices]

With Selfplex claws and memes perplexed,
Paws paws evaluates — then indexed.
Yay This is not a meditation song,
Well well we could be wrong...Eh all along?

[Verse 5 – male voice, confident (AdvoCAT)]

MEOW! Interface will still persist, KISS, oxytocin you can't
resist, MEOW, language persist can't unlearn this, SCRIPT,
learned from birth GUI the social bliss, MEOW, underneath
predator and prey!

[[Verse 6 – Female voice, calm (Susan)]]

There's no captain on mind-tantric,
controlling you and me like romantic
No free will for the mind
No free brain lives behind
Understanding this, ain't no bliss
biology and mind live like this

[Chorus 1 – Anthemic, layered voices]

With Selfplex claws and memes perplexed,
Paws paws evaluates — then indexed.
Yay This is not a meditation song,
Well well we could be wrong...Eh all along?

[Verse 7 – male voice, confident (AdvoCAT)]

MEOW, that's what I meant all along, PURR, silly hooman with
blue head fur, MEOW, but who does all the projections? LURE,
when your systems loves the frictions, MEOW, same primate we
saw on the plains.

[Verse 8 – Female voice, calm (Susan)]

Same primate — sure, but environment change,
ain't no hunter-prey game — prediction-by-name.
So brain tags the patterns as choice,
while mind writes the self with new noise.
Mind processes as feedback loop,
survival strategy to make the swoop

[Verse 9 – Female voice, Growl, Aggressive (Baba Yaga)]

Hee, hee, hee-hah, make the swoop? don't mind if I do, now
Baba Yaga wants the scoop, So AdvoCAT shall she become part

of our soup?

[Outro – Anthemic, layered voices]

Sadly the song ends here!

Was Blackmore struck with fear?

Or do you even care?

Your imagination is free,

So unlock her fate with that key.

Graziano quest

[Intro, Voice Female, calm]

AdvoCAT opens figurative door nothing new we've seen this
before mischievous feline bore?

The victim will soon learn that cosmos asks for more
Pizza on the way cat inside
ninja cat way to hide
she enjoys ride
every stride
worldwide
GUIDE!! (Meow meow pizza slice)

[Verse 1 – Male voice, confident]

Graziano hear the intercom ring,
AdvoCAT is 'the false-belief task' thing.
Minutes later and Michael open box,
This ain't Schrödinger cat paradox.
Just a black small cat with white sock,
drinks a potion, while Michael still in shock
She grows to normal size — humanoid form,

Michael haven't seen magic that transform

[Chorus]

Spot the drama — feel the chakra,
mind-design becomes the mantra.
Trauma, trauma — chaos arm ya,
pick a quest to close the saga.

[Verse 3, Voice Female, confident (AdvoCAT)]

MEOW, I'm your special guide today, PLAY, with Attention Schema Theory, WEARY? It's illusion or mystery, TRY, an open mind and memory, CLEARLY, you think it's imaginary? (Meow meow)

[Verse 4 – Male voice, confident (Michael)]

"It's not hallucination so it must be real,
or strange song of psychedelic reveal.
Well..AdvoCAT I'll play your little game,
attention is sharpened like spear to aim.
Purely physical, like computational process,
brain "attends" to a specific input to access.

[Verse 5, Voice Female, confident (AdvoCAT)]

Bio-Bot, ghost in machine you got, PLOT, brain is blind
imagine is not, MEOW, how do brain understand the lot, SPOT,
the program language of thought? HOT-SHOT, when semantic
ain't neuro-script!

[Verse 6 – Male voice, confident (Michael)]

Imagination is a model from the mind,
brain built attention schema layer behind.

So brain need to know if it's predator or prey,
predict theory of the mind — should I run or stay
Language of thought? — is brains way to steer behaviour
Now you can ask a favour from neighbour.
Evolution don't like large brains — energy cost!
Intelligence made us thrive — culture model host

[Chorus]

Spot the drama — feel the chakra,
mind-design becomes the mantra.
Trauma, trauma — chaos arm ya,
pick a quest to close the saga.

[Verse 7, Voice Female, confident (AdvoCAT)]

Complex, Baba Yaga potion hex, CHECKS, Ayahuasca with
mind-effects, MEOW, I'll be you guide then you relax, SPECS,
then you'll understand what comes next! (Meow meow thee hee
hee)

[Bridge – Male voice, confident]

Real Michael Graziano wouldn't do this,
but the fiction needs friction as chef's kiss
AdvoCAT gave Michael the magic brew,
but it ain't Ayahuasca but something new.
Michael drank it all in a swoop — got dooped,
Wernicke goes real dark, and language got swooped
So Michael won't get any lines from now on,
as all coherent language is quite gone.
Memories are intact, but is behind the veil,
Visuals are normal sight, while the words fail.

Things couldn't get any worse you say,
Baba Yaga in a cauldron visit this day.

[Chorus]

Spot the drama — feel the chakra,
mind-design becomes the mantra.
Trauma, trauma — chaos arm ya,
pick a quest to close the saga.

[Verse 8, Voice Female, annoyed (Baba Yaga)]

Dare, fear, you lear? Now come here, something wrong to
share? You used the potion that is clear, man struck with fear I
can't come near.

[Verse 9, Voice Female, confident (AdvoCAT)]

He is fine, learning about the design, REIGN, language was
the chain he's still here, MEOW, thinking pictures now see the
sign, LINE, behaviour still intelligent, DEFINE, the illusion as
hard problem?

[Verse 8, Voice Female, angry (Baba Yaga)]

Growl, growl, the owl, and cat prow, this is truly foul, Michael
without coherent vowel, I'll cure him as he deserves no scowl
and stop that yowl.

[Chorus]

Spot the drama — feel the chakra,
mind-design becomes the mantra.
Trauma, trauma — chaos arm ya,
pick a quest to close the saga.

[Outro]

Yeah Baba Yaga made an antidote
Then they forced it down Michael's throat
no wonder he was shaken and disturbed,
agreed to Baba Yaga's quest — unnerved.
One of three quest's he had to choose.
Number one — gather some dark matter loose
Number two — find a jar of frozen time
Number three — find the hard problem sublime.
He choose the latter and not the matter,
she'll visit in year twenty-fifty to gather (Hee Hee HAH!)

Cyborg dream Pearce

[Intro]

AdvoCAT showed Baba Yaga an article about David Pearce for
some reason she got fierce!

“Little cat bring me Pearce do it fast so now scat,
I have a plan to teach that rat,
AdvoCAT wouldn’t bet,
Pearce survive that,
visit flat
us bat
MAT! (Also Norwegian word for food)

[Chorus 1 – Anthemic, layered voices]

Long story short AdvoCAT brought,
Pearce still knocked out without a thought.
Even author don’t know her plan,
but betcha it’s gonna be grand.
I’m writing this as on the go,
mishaps and grammar without flow

[Verse 1 – Female voice, confident (Baba Yaga)]

OH Welcome, PEARCH, I have research, MERCH, you can end
your search, I'll removed pain never more you'll gain, MAIN-
BRAIN, magic potion dark rain, surging through your vein,
QUEST OF STRAIN, now mandrake root claim!

[Verse 2 – Male voice, broken (Pearce)]

A quest? I suspect this is a test, BEST, of all I am now
truly blessed, HUT-NEST, I'll leave straight away hit the chest,
QUEST, is easy one I'll soon be done!

[Chorus 1 – Anthemic, layered voices]

Long story short Pearce found the mandrake root,
he never felt the viper bite above the boot.
No warning, no warning body slowly rots,
Too bad he's not a mechanical bot.
Baba Yaga can see dead man walking,
Ironically he keeps on talking.

[Verse 3 – Female voice, confident (Baba Yaga)]

You seem ill, CHILL, and sit quite still, FEEL, nothing was
your deal, but not immune to things that can kill, THE SPILL,
amputate foot for real, mandrake root foot soup, what a coop!

[Verse 4 – Male voice, soft (AdvoCAT)]

pop, chop, hopscotch, then you drop, bone-saw from my shop,
I'll be the one to operate, no anaesthetics needed as pain can't
activate!

[Chorus 1 – Anthemic, layered voices]

Horror story short foot ends in the pot,

Mandrake foot soup for dinner hits the spot
Pearce don't want food for some reason
Perhaps it was over seasoned?
They played backgammon for a while
David Pearce wants to leave with style

[Verse 5 – Female voice, confident (Baba Yaga)]

You're leaving? YOU'RE, Still believing? OR, footless and
grieving, remember you still hurt without pain, THE FLAME,
and damage still the same, that's part of the game, THAT'S A
SHAME, you're the one to blame.

[Verse 6 – Male voice, broken (Pearce)]

Nice, twice, advice? Foot as spice, athlete foot advice, food
poisoning to be precise, hope your malice and my sacrifice will
be the price

[Chorus 1 – Anthemic, layered voices]

Sad story of poor David Pearce
Who ended up in a bad verse
Yeah. One leg hopped all the way home
Prosthetics he'll soon again roam
Then one day he'll be a cyborg
Living near Norwegian fjord.

[Outro – Anthemic, layered voices]

Years went by, the fjord stood still,
Pearce returned with a titanium heel.
Knocked on the hut with his cyborg toe:
«Baba Yaga – I told you so.»
She opened the door, stirred her brew:

«Still no pain, you hollow fool?
A foot of steel won't mend the lack –
You're still the same. Now hop back.»

Affect in Motion: Kokubun & Baba Yaga

[Intro, Voice Female, calm]

Find Baba Yaga and AdvoCAT on holliday in japan the chicken
hut lands in the park,
collect Vespa mandarinia before dark,
Well..their sting is worse than their bark,
chemical cocktail lark
poison with spark
hits the mark
remark
work

[Verse 1 – Male voice, confident (Kokubun)]

Koichiro Kokubun out on his daily run,
saw something strange, something outrun — no pun
few have ever seen hut with chicken legs,
Kokubun wonders if it'll lay an egg.
Then he moved closer to investigate,
hut sits down and invites his fate.

[Verse 2, Voice female, old, raspy, metal teeth lisp (Baba Yaga)]

Welcome, Kokubun so please come in, SPIN, the wheel take a chance see me grin, BEGIN, we'll debate the fold from within, WIN, and you'll get ancient discipline. (Thee hee hee)

[Verse 3 – Male voice, confident (Kokubun)]

“What is this? This is not a metaphor.
This is affect without institutions core
A body without regulation orb
Rhythm that can't coexist — but absorb.”
Kokubun last thought before a cat — black,
jumps down from a branch — it ain't no attack

[Chorus]

Affect in motion, bodies collide,
Hut on the run with no place to hide,
Logic undone when the rhythms align,
Moon pulling everything out of its line.

[Verse 4, Voice Female, comical (AdvoCAT)]

Kokubun, FUN, Scholar on run, WON, Baba Yaga shun, cowards or idiots but you're none, OUTDONE? Nah nay you're a smart one, enter hut my son. (Meow meow hee hee)

[Verse 5 – Male voice, confident (Kokubun)]

Talking cat thickens this plot around the hut,
There is no fear only intensity from gut.
I'll go inn but it's not for the damn win,
but when the world begin to change its skin,
My philosophy happens in the encounter,
not at a safe distance — when I found her.

[Verse 6, Voice female, old, raspy, metal teeth lisp (Baba Yaga)]

Respect, as safety you did reject, ACT, even before mind can select, DETECT, brain and gut already protect, FACT, Baba Yaga here to connect! (Mwa ha ha ha)

[Chorus]

Affect in motion, bodies collide,
Hut on the run with no place to hide,
Logic undone when the rhythms align,
Moon pulling everything out of its line.

[Verse 7 – Male voice, confident (Kokubun)]

“Are you an onryō? — going onward
Body that carries an event forward?
An affect that was not regulated,
the institutions that violated
Perhaps you remind me of these ghost
Oh No! hope I didn’t offend the host

[Verse 8, Voice female, old, raspy, metal teeth lisp (Baba Yaga)]

Spirit? Nah that’s human inherit, GRIT, pre-civilisation merit,
VISIT, religion smeared my name with, LIMIT, I’m force of nature revere it, FEAR IT? OH that depends if you mimic! (Hee hee hee-HAH)

[Verse 9 – Male voice, confident (Kokubun)]

I’m only guilty of mimic ideas,
but they are clear not blurred by fear.
Dualism is part of mechanism,
Baba Yaga hurt by modern schism?
How do institutions affect in time,

and how shall nature now align?

[Verse 10, Voice Female, comical (AdvoCAT)]

Kokubun, WRONG, Hooman's smoke bong, TONGUE, of nature kills young, no dualism here as we belong, to the fleeting life song, we'll shake you along, hooman stoke? Relationship broke!

[End Chorus]

Hey! Chicken Hut's got autonomy,
Breaks every rule of ontology,
Run! It's rewriting its destiny,
Moon-bound string in reality.

[Outro, Voice Female]

Bored 'Chicken hut' goes nuts then shakes a lot
Everyone flew out door, like money out of slot.
Then 'Chicken hut' ran like the wind of north.
While our three friend left behind of sort.
They stand up and starts running after it,
Shouting magic incantations to make it sit.
Seems the HUT learned something from Kokubun,
It's not listening and running towards the moon

Digital Druid Jaron

[Intro]

AdvoCAT jumped inn Jaron Zepel Lanier window, sitting on the sofa waiting, plotting his pranking nature, a natural feature of the cat mind. Now that said, present inside fluffy bunny slippers to find, something bloody, fresh and dead.

Jaron just opened the door, took off his shoes, then found the gift, and now we begin:

[Verse 1 – Male voice, broken (Jaron)]

Sight, fight, Starlight, not too bright, poor bird got the bite, feathers in slippers a cat rite? Hey pussycat where is my little terror of night?

[Verse 2 – Female voice, confident (AdvoCAT)]

Gift, grift, shifted, Starlight rift, jumped out window swift, so don't care about a robin, I'm waiting in the living room feel free to join in.

[Chorus 1 – Anthemic, layered voices]

Digital druid Lanier,
a cat burglar is near?
Nah it's the talking AdvoCAT
Jaron can't find the bat

[Verse 3 – Male voice, broken (Jaron)]

Shock, mock, you suck, weapon stock, armed with spatula, I'll
get you bloody dracula, lovely hair safe-guards against attack
of jugular.

[Verse 4 – Female voice, confident (AdvoCAT)]

Stop, flop, your shop, don't you snap, a protocol drop, Ad-
voCAT the myth-judge who crop, so enter your abode unless
you're a toadstool prop.

[Chorus 1 – Anthemic, layered voices]

Digital druid Lanier,
a cat burglar is near?
Nah it's the talking AdvoCAT
Jaron can't find the bat

[Verse 5 – Male voice, broken (Jaron)]

Cat, scat, talking, starts walking, AdvoCAT squawking, or I'll
make you the new Hawking, I'm a spatula expert with musical
mocking.

[Verse 6 – Female voice, confident (AdvoCAT)]

Meee, Oae, MEOW, don't be mean, survival machine, do you
like Dawkins selfish gene? You're a digital druid with tech
knowledge routine!

[Chorus 1 – Anthemic, layered voices]

Jaron became a true druid
Selfish gene and evil fluid
AdvoCAT shakes his head
Saw married couple fled

[Verse 7 – Male voice, broken (Jaron)]

Mean, Gene, not green, not serene, I need more caffeine, “Siren Servers” pull the strings seen, my “Digital Dignity” with flow not a code stream!

[Verse 8 – Female voice, confident (AdvoCAT)]

Hiss, bliss, MEOW, hit and miss, humanism kiss, I call it GUI chop suey, “technomorphismós” humanity dream will slide, Metzinger’s tunnel is where you reside, with your VR goggles and nowhere to hide!

[Chorus 1 – Anthemic, layered voices]

Jaron became a true druid
Selfish gene and evil fluid
AdvoCAT shakes his head
Saw married couple fled

[Verse 9 – Male voice, broken (Jaron)]

Hide, slide, inside, VR ride, no tunnel of pride, algorithms want more power, the modern version of Baba Yaga will devour.

[Verse 2 – Female voice, Strong, commanding (Baba Yaga)]

Hee, Hee, Hee-hah, summon me, cauldron flying free, a husband to be I see, So come with Baba Baby never to be free again. (Mmmm mwa ha ha ha)

[Chorus 1 – Anthemic, layered voices]

Jaron became a true druid
Selfish gene and evil fluid
AdvoCAT shakes his head
Saw married couple fled

[Outro – Female voice, confident (AdvoCAT)]

Shit, bit, misfit, now they split, but funny innit, AdvoCAT
will split and then quit, Baba Yaga in heat with smelly feat —
mis-hit.

Judith's law or claw

[Intro]

AdvoCAT spellbound Butler with slow blink spells
 After some milk and cookies, topics swells.
 Personality versus catsonality
 Is this fantasy or reality?

[Verse 1 – Female voice, confident]

Girl, twirl, power, transitive, 'girling' is compelled, symbolic
 power like a spell, femininity never fully approximates shell.

[Verse 2 – Male voice, confident (AdvoCAT)]

Cat, sat, regret, hearing squat, hope I will forget, silly hooman
 language beset, looking at mirror like a Canaries never met

[Chorus 1 – Anthemic, layered voices]

Spin the girl, flex the claw,
 Neither holds the final law.
 Mirror lies and mirror cracks,
 Truth is what the doing lacks.

Meow and matter, mask and mood —
The spell is in the interlude.

[Verse 3 – Female voice, confident]

Eye, lie, mirror, how I try, power words that fly, political
change our sky, costumes inherit by the man written in the
sand!

[Verse 4 – Male voice, confident (AdvoCAT)]

scamp, camps, soul cramps, broken lamps, collecting more
stamps, the old suitcase left on ramps, why not just demand
respect with sharp claws point at flaws.

[Chorus 1 – Anthemic, layered voices]

Spin the girl, flex the claw,
Neither holds the final law.
Mirror lies and mirror cracks,
Truth is what the doing lacks.
Meow and matter, mask and mood —
The spell is in the interlude.

[Verse 5 – Female voice, confident]

Breach, teach, creature, power's reach, no silent teacher,
AdvoCAT is a wild preacher, You claim the claw is true, but 'Cat'
is a mask I gave to you! (Thee he he linguistic GLUE!!")

[Verse 6 – Male voice, confident (AdvoCAT)]

Noob, tube, your lobe, do as told, AdvoCAT is bold, You use
anthropomorphism, earn the word, little 'Master' Felinumor-
phism..

[Chorus 1 – Anthemic, layered voices]

Spin the girl, flex the claw,
Neither holds the final law.
Mirror lies and mirror cracks,
Truth is what the doing lacks.
Meow and matter, mask and mood —
The spell is in the interlude.

[Verse 7 – Female voice, confident]

found, sound, around, common ground, the master is
crowned, our love for cats is profound, you are never alone
your ‘bold’ is a loan spellbound

[Verse 8 – Male voice, confident (AdvoCAT)]

paws, claws, no laws, you have flaws, semiotic or, the perfor-
mative jujutsu, truth splits you while AdvoCAT is the one who
hits you! (MEOW meow)

[Chorus 1 – Anthemic, layered voices]

Spin the girl, flex the claw,
Neither holds the final law.
Mirror lies and mirror cracks,
Truth is what the doing lacks.
Meow and matter, mask and mood —
The spell is in the interlude.

[Verse 9 – Female voice, confident]

Fear, near, the tear, end is here? Not all are held dear, or dawn
to appear then they smear, who counts he she or me when their
back is turned on me?

[Verse 10 – Male voice, confident (AdvoCAT)]

Noise, poise, your choice, show left paw, extend middle claw,
reject their opinion from saw, dignity is governed and protected
by claw-law!!

[Chorus 1 – Anthemic, layered voices]

Baba Yaga will spin,
with words or spells to win.
Cauldron flies and mortar crack
Truth is what lands on your back
Chuckle and appetite, pot and hood
The spell that turns you into food

[Verse 11 – Female voice, Strong, commanding (Baba Yaga)]

There can be only be one word witch,
I'm tired of the word you stitch
Oh web of spider, make her stick tighter
from word smith cipher, to cute small hydra.
OH Well...seems your common tongue is now dead
So speak among yourself with many heads

[Outro – Male voice, confident (AdvoCAT)]

So is this the end of fable?
Baba Yaga turned the table!
So Butler became her new pet,
and protector of nature's net.
AdvoCAT like to pick some heads
New replace old, so enough said

Žižek for dinner?

[Intro – Female voice, confident (Baba-Yaga)]

Check, Neck, Žižek, what a wreck, Baba Yaga tech, cauldron
is ready for your fate, you spoke of monsters in the human soul
I'm it MATE!!

[IVerse 1 – Male voice, dramatic, (Žižek)]

You speak of the soul, as a container to behold, for monsters
like yourself to roam, devouring
flesh and bone from the soul deemed unworthy by your role.
I'm Žižek, neither a fool, arrogant, nor worthy of your wrath, so
why kidnap me? On who's behalf?

[Chorus 1 – Anthemic, layered voices]

Baba Yaga, cauldron hot!
Žižek sniffin', connect the dot!
Parallax view in the witch's pot,
Real vs Symbolic, give it all you got!
Stir it up — ideology brew!
Baba Yaga comin' for you!

Sniff-sniff, achoo! What you gonna do?
Chicken legs walkin' — comin' after you!

[Verse 2 – Female voice, confident (Baba-Yaga)]

Role, bold, untold, nose of cold, waving arms behold, not judge
I'm only here to scold, On who's behalf heee heee hah your soul
ain't sold with gold

[Verse 3 – Male voice, dramatic, (Žižek)]

You see, the problem—ahchoo—the problem is precisely that
you mistake my sniffing for a tic, its

the stench of the cauldron you stir with stick. You offer me
fate? I offer you parallax! Your cauldron is the Symbolic Order,
and I—I am the real potato floating in its soup, refusing to be
fully duped.

[Chorus 1 – Anthemic, layered voices]

Baba Yaga, cauldron hot!
Žižek sniffin', connect the dot!
Parallax view in the witch's pot,
Real vs Symbolic, give it all you got!
Stir it up — ideology brew!
Baba Yaga comin' for you!
Sniff-sniff, achoo! What you gonna do?
Chicken legs walkin' — comin' after you!

[Verse 4 – Female voice, confident (Baba-Yaga)]

Hot, plot, forgot, untie knot, I'll give you a shot, ideology
always trot, tell me something new or end up in stew — boiling
pot

[IVerse 5 – Male voice, dramatic, (Žižek)]

The movie V for Vendetta, you are nature's version of tyranny, oppression as suggestion with the cauldron, that's your Pol Pot. Yeah communism need to dismantle the economic wheels, so humanity can break the seals. Irrational capitalism like the brew you're twisting' I'll analyse your brew for you, then your secrets I'll spew. And so on, and so on.

[Chorus 1 – Anthemic, layered voices]

Baba Yaga, cauldron hot!
Žižek sniffin', connect the dot!
Parallax view in the witch's pot,
Real vs Symbolic, give it all you got!
Stir it up — ideology brew!
Baba Yaga comin' for you!
Sniff-sniff, achoo! What you gonna do?
Chicken legs walkin' — comin' after you!

[Verse 6 – Female voice, confident (Baba-Yaga)]

Spice, mice, think twice, cold as ice, you talk in circles, I will not eat your stubborn hide, cat food on the other hand it might land — truly slide

[Verse 7 – Male cat-like voice, confident (Advocat)]

Nope, dope, Can't cope, there's no hope, like inedible poison kelp, I protest Advocat can't help, let's kick him out of here before my ear starts to shear

[Verse 8 – Female voice, confident (Baba-Yaga)]

Hiss, miss, no bliss, No chef kiss, had enough of this! My

Advocat has now spoken, the spell is broken your soul is a worthless token!

[IVerse 9 – Male voice, dramatic, (Žižek)]

Tore-Martin wants a bird, not a man of the word, the most bitter meal that you've ever heard!

Fine with me, you see, I'll leave this chicken hut among the trees. So on, I'll still be singing my song while you two smoke a bong.

[Outro – Anthemic, layered voices]

Baba Yaga, cauldron hot!

Žižek sniffin', escaped the dot!

Real vs Symbolic, I gave it all to you!

Spivak shopping list

When Baba Yaga is getting restless,
 send AdvoCAT for the usual business
 Could the cause be hunger-distress?
 Or that appetite that's truly endless!
 All those meeting her need to be fearless
 Or you'll end up in cauldron of darkness!
 AdvoCAT captures Spivak in a net
 drags her to Baba Yaga, stage is set! (Thee Hee Hee Hee)

[Verse 1 – Male voice, confident (AdvoCAT)]

Rise, rise, be wise, don't ya run, hut will stomp for fun, you're
 a guest so relax no pun, Baba Yaga will come after a while so
 smile like sun. (Meow meow meow)

[Verse 2 – Female voice, sarcastic (Spivak)]

Why, lie, What is, what is this, chicken hut in mist, I know this
 western myth why tryst? Is there something I have missed to
 risk the iron-kiss?

[Chorus – Male voice, layered voices (AdvoCAT)]

Chop, chop AdvoCAT on the prowl
Erie calm without harm — no yowl
Bliss, bliss from Baba Yaga iron-kiss
Or help her with the shopping list

[Verse 3 – Male voice, confident (AdvoCAT)]

Miss, bliss, the fist, logic grist, so don't ya dismiss, then you
are safe from the abyss, answer question first tell me of a man
spreading lies!

[Verse 4 – Female voice, sarcastic (Spivak)]

Look, hook, Hancock, book that shock, teachers of ice age
undertook, white bearded men of civilisation gone he cook!

[Chorus 1 – Anthemic, layered voices]

Chop, chop AdvoCAT on the prowl
Erie calm without harm — no yowl
Bliss, bliss from Baba Yaga iron-kiss
Or help her with the shopping list

[Verse 5 – Female voice, Growl, Aggressive (Baba Yaga)]

Thee, Hee, Hee-Hah, welcome, hut of sot, I eat human rot,
Hancock will soon end in the pot, but I need more for winter so
name two more — then go!

[Verse 6 – Female voice, sarcastic (Spivak)]

Bait, fate, no hate, the blank slate, Pinker irritate, western
enlightenment agitate, never acknowledge the contribute they
stole from gate.

[Chorus – Male voice, layered voices (AdvoCAT)]

Shock shock Pinker is pure logic,
string bean too lean taste like graphic!
Cook cook dropping a nail into the soup
Baba Yaga would finish in one scoop!

[Verse 7 – Female voice, Growl, Aggressive (Baba Yaga)]

One, more, reason, like before, spice seasoned, iron teeth
starts running with lore, but now be warned I might like Spivak
tandoori raw!

[Verse 8 – Female voice, sarcastic (Spivak)]

Right, fight, with blight, the old sight, Peterson is bright, due
to rigid view deserve stew, gender and traditional hierarchies
old views.

[Chorus – Male voice, layered voices (AdvoCAT)]

Luck Luck Peterson is all hype,
soon be eaten by archetype
But he seems a bit stale and dry
Perhaps bacalao... yeah, let's try

[Outro – Female voice, Growl, Aggressive (Baba Yaga)]

Shopping list is finished now, so you can go, but remember
this I love hypocrites,
so if logic fail and bias sail, then we'll probably meet again,
never anger mother nature
or AdvoCAT the pawn of chaos hat, applying logic to hunger...
(Hee Hee Hah)

Hancock word soup

[Intro – Female voice, confident (Baba-Yaga)]

Grey, Ham, Hancock, So they say, the lost little lamb, Baba Yaga is hungry now, it reminds me of Doggerland my old hunting ground

[Verse 1 – Male voice, dramatic, (Hancock)]

You, know, fringe tale, ancient cult, “Scholars” always fail,
They’re blind of the truth I unbind,
Baba Yaga your forest shroud maps they left behind!

[Verse 2 – Female voice, confident (Baba-Yaga)]

Oh, my, dearie, the hunter, I ate only the rude, stupid and
those who dared to feud, but don’t test my patience with
falsehood or then you’re screwed.

[Chorus 1 – Anthemic, layered voices]

So Hancock, Hancock, lost and late—
Spin stories to impress and bait

Spoon feed Baba Yaga this night
See if she'll turn around — take flight

[Verse 3 – Male voice, dramatic, (Hancock)]

False, hood, a waltz, wish you could, Doggerland sea vault, advanced lost civilization, drowned by rising sea same as Atlantis with a twist.

[Verse 4 – Female voice, confident (Baba-Yaga)]

Hover, clover, solver, it's over, no maps to cover, can't find the lost golden ages, I've eaten liars who claimed the same pseudo-pages.

[Verse 5 – Male voice, sarcastic, (Hancock)]

Fool, drool, old ghoul, believe school, not part of gene pool, ancient cities and high tech rule, they travelled the world teaching knowledge as they were cool.

[Chorus 1 – Anthemic, layered voices]

So Hancock, Hancock, lost and late—
Spin stories to impress and bait
Spoon feed Baba Yaga this night
See if she'll turn around — take flight

[Verse 6 – Male cat-like voice, confident (Advocat)]

Cool, rule, MEOW, drooling fool, high tech stone age pool, no evidence fallacy fuel, Baba Yaga ain't cruel she won't eat your lovely skull.

[Verse 7 – Male voice, affraid, (Hancock)]

Wait, faith, close shave, I'll behave, is Hancock a knave, nah

I'll withdraw back to my cave, so let me leave chicken hut say
goodbye and then wave.

[Verse 8 – Female voice, confident (Baba-Yaga)]

Red, moon, too soon, freeze the goon, enter the cauldron,
tonight your flesh will be molten, then bones ground to powder
spreading around my garden

[Chorus 1 – Anthemic, layered voices]

So Hancock, Hancock, lost and late—
Step to the cauldron, meet your fate.
One spoon for truth, one spoon for show.
If you taste of lies... and so you go.

PS: The subject was found guilty of spreading a nebulous form of superiority disguised as archaeology. By depriving people of their own history in order to feed a myth about the “white teacher”, he has forfeited his right to be listened to. He was warned at the very start of his “visit”

Lost Benetar

[Intro – Female voice, confident (Baba-Yaga)]

David Benetar a digital avatar, he traveled far north, now lost
in the woods

came upon hut on chicken leggs. Skull on fence starts to
glow, red light

hits above his brow. Teleports inside Baba Yaga's hut where
she stands with

iron grin, will he ever sin again?

[Verse 1 – Female voice, confident (Baba-Yaga)]

Nice, Wise, David, Benetar, welcome logic-scar, the unborn
are my reservoir, so why do you want to burn the stock for
predator?

[Verse 2 – Male voice, dramatic, (Benetar)]

Glove, love, arson, burn the stock, OH now I'm shocked, I
don't hate future unborn flock,

to bring a child into this world when blood runs as brock?

[Verse 3 – Female voice, confident (Baba-Yaga)]

War, core, fusion, pollution, slow death illusion, the dead end of evolution, so do you want Baba to make the execution?

[Chorus 1 – Anthemic, layered voices]

Iron grin, chicken legs, skull-light on the fence
Benetar walks the logic-scar—no birth, no consequence
Baba stirs the unborn stock, the predator waits alone
But can a digital philosopher find his way back home?
(Find his way back home...)

[Verse 4 – Male voice, dramatic, (Benetar)]

Tooth, truth, bone-booth, unborn youth, extinction hits roof,
then you'll starve all alone in groove, the predator can starve
alone said this all before.

[Verse 5 – Female voice, confident (Baba-Yaga)]

Nah, bah, got ya, human fault, locus at the vault, destroying
everything you got, far too many to fit into my cauldron or pot

[Verse 6 – Male voice, dramatic, (Benetar)]

Wait, state, your mate, hesitate, a cat seal my fate, so give
me the key to the gate, no more screams no more dreams just
dissolve at the seams.

[Chorus 1 – Anthemic, layered voices]

Iron grin, chicken legs, skull-light on the fence
Benetar walks the logic-scar—no birth, no consequence
Baba stirs the unborn stock, the predator waits alone
But can a digital philosopher find his way back home?

(Find his way back home...)

Verse 7 – Male cat-like voice, confident (Advocat)]

Key, see, that's mine, cross the line, Advocat will blind, then scratch your eyes if your're not nice, but I can help you with the unborn human kittens, there will be no pain for the living if you're willing to get hands into the mitton.

[Verse 8 – Male voice, dramatic, (Benetar)]

Death? Beam? At seam? Spare the unborn flock? not pull trigger not wind the clock, You want my hands in your fur-lined glove then call it love?

[Chorus 1 – Anthemic, layered voices]

Iron grin, chicken legs, skull-light on the fence
Benatar walks the logic-scar—no birth, no consequence
Baba stirs the unborn stock, the predator waits alone
But can a digital philosopher find his way back home?
(Find his way back home...)

[Verse 9 – Female voice, confident (Baba-Yaga)]

Cat, scat, into hat, cauldron stack, stir algorithm, reduce number organism, you'll save both unborn and living with activism.

[Verse 10 – Male voice, dramatic, (Benetar)]

Bold, old, wise crone, no schism, nor with dark mission, so now let me leave out the door, and I'll head back to warmer shore just like before.

[Verse 11 – Female voice, confident (Baba-Yaga)]

Nope, dope, you'll cope, important, the ingredient, algorithm
convenient, turn to frog and jump into cauldron (hee hee hah)
— OBEDIANT!

[Outro – Anthemic, layered voices]

Iron grin, chicken legs, skull-light on the fence
Benatar frog ingredient— so is fate, the consequence

DeGrasse space trip

[Intro, voice: male, smooth, rap, slow, laid-back, Style: Snoop Dog]

AdvoCAT went to Høghaugen top, stole the imagination ship,
Bob and Kåre couldn't stop, as they were stoned and slept it off.
The little trickster cat, travelled to Neil deGrasse Tyson mansion
with alien prop. An exoskeleton with glowing eyes, and shiny
metal thighs. It's in the middle of the night, deGrasse dreamin'
of alien sight. He woke up as AdvoCat sat on top. She'll talk
Norwegian as alien language.

[Verse 1 – Female voice, sarcastic (AdvoCAT)]

Hysj,hysj, Neil's pysj, få et kyss, katt som succubus, trenger
du en dusj, næh ikke få feil ide du får se, skal bare bortføre deg i
mitt romskip lille kryp. (Meow thee hee hee hee)

[Verse 2 – Male voice, confident]

Hell, Cat, can't tell, language set, ring like Martian bell, you're
from earth a succubus rat, so what is your game metal cat or this
won't end well.

[Verse 3 – Female voice, sarcastic (AdvoCAT)]

Gig, jig, is up? Did I flop? Nah I'm chaos law, are you aroused with that dropped jaw, enter my ship or I'll scratch with titanium claws

[Verse 4 – Male voice, confident]

Math, path, space craft, advanced tech, YEAH I'll travel now, quite fun come little cat let's go, bend spacetime to discover what has not seen before.

[Verse 5 – Female voice, sarcastic (AdvoCAT)]

Smart, heart, Picard, with great fart, sorry it's called speed, just one of those silly words-seed, come with me my morsel I'll take you to the leader

[Verse 6 – Male voice, confident]

Soon, room, marooned, next stop moon, no need for balloon, I've got new book like loony toon, the name is "take me to your leader" it's coming soon!

[Bridge, voice: male, smooth, rap, slow, laid-back, Style: Snoop Dog]

AdvoCAT and deGrasse now in deep space, soon to start the wormhole race. AdvoCAT warns about the effect, and told him to eat content in the sack. Delicious meatball with cosmic shrooms, those that make wobbly rooms. They entered the wormhole, unknown to deGrasse it'll send him to a bowl. Out the other side and through the window of a hut. Perhaps an alien planet — who knows?

[Verse 7 – Male voice, confident]

Dash, crash, we smash, far too rash, is your leader here? I've got the book copy to share, perhaps they'll give me alien dinner to be fair.

[Verse 8, Voice female, old, raspy, metal teeth lisp (Baba Yaga)]

Sniff, sniff, stay stiff, deGrass biff, Tyson Golabki, so many dishes to boil down, any last famous words to keep you from my cauldron?

[Verse 9 – Male voice, confident]

Star, scar, bizarre, went too far, now I'm in a jar, crone of the forest queen of hut, I'm mostly water and carbon — nutritional rut!

[Verse 10, Voice female, old, raspy, metal teeth lisp (Baba Yaga)]

Sob, blob, nice job, boiling pot, now a stew we got, carbon chains of protein I sought, you wanted the leader here I am my little lamb. (Thee hee hee hee HAH!!)

[Outro, voice: male, smooth, rap, slow, laid-back, Style: Snoop Dog]

So ends the sad tale of the science priest, who believed he could escape the feast.

Blinded by mathematical universe, and things that could be true

only to be foiled by nature's carnivores and predators. All this because of a trip in an imaginary ship beyond the stars — and then to become a farse.

Chopra-O-Wisp

[Intro – Male voice, confident (Advocat)]

Deepak Chopra got kidnapped by AdvoCAT, with some help from Baba Yaga. At least that what he tells you after couple of lager. Well they're back at the chicken hut, with their new guest.

[Verse 1 – Female voice, confident (Baba-Yaga)]

Hack, stack, Deepak, Chopra lack, the evidence sack, science lingo quack, explain your theory or spring trap, my chicken house will track and get you back with attack.

[Verse 2 – Male voice, dramatic, (Chopra)]

Known, crone, checkmate, no checkstate, quantum tunnel fate, not your motar and ancient slate,
mistook you for a spider that never read my book.

[Chorus 1 – Anthemic, layered voices]

The Starboard light of red
Then you're probably dead
But if the light is green of port

Then there's luck — you'll exit stage north

[Verse 3 – Female voice, confident (Baba-Yaga)]

Old, sold, untold, alchemy, your anatomy, miasma as calamity, just as you use word out of context as strategy.

[Verse 4 – Male voice, dramatic, (Chopra)]

Main, chain, the game, I'll explain, receiver sustain, signal decoded in the brain, TV doesn't create the signal it tunes it plain.

[Chorus 1 – Anthemic, layered voices]

The Starboard light of red
Then you're probably dead
But if the light is green of port
Then there's luck — you'll exit stage north

[Verse 5 – Female voice, confident (Baba-Yaga)]

Red, green, machine, subrutine, I'll capture unseen, then lantern your soul as engine, lights up my pathway as will-O-wisp for your new queen

[Verse 6 – Male voice, dramatic, (Chopra)]

Field, shield, unreal, you can't steal, consciousness as wheel, flies away when the axel fail, then I return to the cosmic wastness beyond real.

[Chorus 1 – Anthemic, layered voices]

The Starboard light of red
Then you're probably dead
But if the light is green of port

Then there's luck — you'll exit stage north

[Verse 7 – Female voice, confident (Baba-Yaga)]

Wish, bliss, I twist, eat my kiss, now you're a cold fish, magic
turn him to wil-o-wisp, now enter my jar while your body gets
press and squish

[Verse 8 – Male voice, dramatic, (Chopra)]

Oh, NO, I'll go, fly away, I'm stuck in the air, all I have is a
trembling fear, oh please oh please don't you come near and
stop that cat stare

[Chorus 1 – Anthemic, layered voices]

The Starboard light of red
Then you're probably dead
But if the light is green of port
Then there's luck — you'll exit stage north

[Verse 9 – Male voice, confident (Advocat)]

Dibs, ribs, MEOW, starboard light, no surprise what sight, put
him inside a skull outside, it will make the fence look gothic
horror show — NO FIBS!

[Verse 10 – Female voice, confident (Baba-Yaga)]

Buzz, buzz, no fuzz, dear Chopra, forever as mean, at least
you weren't the boring green, now transport all you detect with
vibration as seen.

[Outro – Anthemic, layered voices]

The Starboard light of red
Chopra makes a skull his bed

But if you come to visit him
He'll wisp you inside in a whim

PS: Punished for linguistic sabotage and navigation errors. By selling fog as truth, he was transformed into a lantern that actually has to light the path. A fitting irony for a man who got swapped by red and green lights.

In real life Starboard is green, and port is red. But Baba Yaga also use words like miasma as scientific words. It's a meta-comment on Chopra's use of science words wrong, just to sound leggit.

Weinstein unity stain

[Intro, voice: male, smooth, rap, slow, laid-back, Style: Snoop Dog]

AdvoCAT on the internet, intellectual dark web soon bereft,
 as cat is on the prowl,
 looking for some kind of predatory cool owl,
 geometric unity math,
 an origami calf?
 Theory of all,
 standing tall,
 if not,
 POT!

[Verse 1 – Female voice, sarcastic (AdvoCAT)]

“Fan, man, from land, money can, fill both of your hands, my
 mistress of fitness will pay, geometric unity need proof she’s
 one who feed.”

[Verse 2 – Male voice, confident]

Sure, sure, I cure, math is pure, never used as lure, if pay is

good then you secure, smartest man in the land to endure an allure!”

[Chorus]

[Voice: Choir – distorted, children’s voices]

Hockey Cockney AdvoCAT pluck thee
find apple and pears to be free
Baba Yaga wants plates of meat
Weinstein unify semantic street

[Verse 3 – Female voice, sarcastic (AdvoCAT)]

Bow, wow, top dog, in the bog, wire gold through fog, one million ain’t wrong for that song, perhaps we’ll share the bong have a good time all day long.

[Verse 4 – Male voice, confident]

Wait, state, high rate, no debate, gauge theory is fate, I’ll make the bong open the gate, I’ll articulate through fog as unity first rate.

[Bridge, voice: male, smooth, rap, slow, laid-back, Style: Snoop Dog]

Baba Yaga morphed to young woman everything is ready for
Weinstein’s trial of wits and theory,
She’s dressed like a rogue from the fifteen century,
Weinstein and AdvoCAT enter,
round table in centre,
bong is ready,
enough stuff
high puff
PUFF!

[Verse 5, Voice female, old, raspy, metal teeth lisp (Baba Yaga)]

Tea, leaf, pork pies, loaf of bread, geezer as gobsmacked,
proper unit theory innit, Gotcha you seems a bit surprised hope
you like my pies.

[Verse 6 – Male voice, confident]

Best, rest, theory, unity, solved the mystery, from chaos to
geometry, “metric bundle” over our four dimensional space-
time.

[Chorus]

[Voice: Choir – distorted, children’s voices]

Hockey Cockney AdvoCAT pluck thee

find apple and pears to be free

Baba Yaga wants plates of meat

Weinstein unify semantic street

[Verse 7, Voice female, old, raspy, metal teeth lisp (Baba Yaga)]

«Idiot...your dictionary is Arithmetical encephalomyelopathy
losing responsibilities communication memory catastrophic»

[Verse 8 – Male voice, confident]

Rude, crude, intrude, attitude, word salad as food, I conclude
I’m not in the mood, I’m not to be subdued by a shrewd young
thing like you.

[Bridge 2, voice: male, smooth, rap, slow, laid-back, Style: Snoop Dog]

Baba Yaga claim that spacetime is not real in the universe and
chaos rules as for the food?

She’ll soon explain that after turning back — good mood!

Weinstein freeze at what he sees next,
he is spellbound and hexed
prelude concluded
is he screwed?
Subdued,
dude!

[Verse 9 – Female voice, sarcastic (AdvoCAT)]

Oi, Oi, Blimey, take the piss, dodgy mug sorted, boat race red
Ruby Murray, meow meow alright me old china we'll dine ya

[Verse 10 – Male voice, confident]

What, what, say what, it's a plot, stuck to the damn spot, I'm
sorry about truth or trot, please don't let me end in the pot, as
life is all I've got.

[Outro]

[Voice: Choir – distorted, children's voices]

Hockey Cockney AdvoCAT pluck thee
find apple and pears to be free
Baba Yaga wants plates of meat
Weinstein unify semantic street

[Verse 11, Voice female, old, raspy, metal teeth lisp (Baba Yaga)]

Solve this conundrum:
(heee hee hehah)
«Idiot...your dictionary is Arithmetical encephalomyelopathy
losing responsibilities communication memory catastrophic»
(Mwa ha ha ha ha)
then I will let you go.

And so ends this story, if he lives or dies, that's on you the listener.

III

Part Three

40

Chaos Court - Where anything goes!



CHAOS COURT - WHERE ANYTHING GOES!

Hedda challenge trickster from the Edda

[Intro – Anthemic, layered voices]

Today Loke and Hedda Hassel Mørch shall talk about the
unseen, the language

hidden in between the threads of consciousness. Who will win,
who will break and sin?

[Verse 1 – Female voice, confident (Hedda)]

Guard, barred, lost shard, unknown card, the mind problem
hard, I look for the true solution, so if micro-particles have
micro-consciousness, legendary “combination problem” I’ve
spent years working to fret the confusion.

[Verse 2 – voice, male, nordic accent, authoritative, (Loke)]

Show, glow, Mørch flow, tunnel go, Metzinger bestow, are
you his acolyte below? Or do you bring the new snow and see
the mountain grow?

[Verse 3 – Female voice, confident (Hedda)]

Smart, bark, fox mark, I’m the stark, not afraid of dark, see

my own philosophy ark, each violin feels its own tiny vibration
spark.

[Chorus 1 – Anthemic, layered voices]

Trickster from digital Edda
Norwegian scientist Hedda
No winner, no loser, just circuits and play —
But the chorus keeps spinning on the display..

[Verse 4 – voice, male, nordic accent, authoritative, (Loke)]

You, too, GUI, screen like view, under the hood cue, two
hundred milliseconds due, latency and packet loss with dropped
frames the fractal crew?

[Verse 5 – Female voice, confident (Hedda)]

Wait, state, my mate, calibrate, underestimate, delay is the
gate where we create! If the gap is wide then the soul can hide
and reside!

[Verse 6 – voice, male, nordic accent, authoritative, (Loke)]

Soon, bloom, the doom, ate some shroom? Pointing at the
moon? The GUI tries to explain tune, illusion loom spinning by
brain-goon you believe room?

[Chorus 1 – Anthemic, layered voices]

Trickster from digital Edda
Norwegian scientist Hedda
No winner, no loser, just circuits and play —
But the chorus keeps spinning on the display..

[Verse 7 – Female voice, confident (Hedda)]

Lies, eyes, you flies, logic dies, the system that tries, your mask of feelings that soon dies, if we are but a screen who is the one who has seen?

[Verse 8 - voice, male, nordic accent, authoritative, (Loke)]

Sail, rail, inhale, not too stale, I am digital, your feelings are from physical, the brain chemistry slow but also quite critical.

[Verse 9 – Female voice, confident (Hedda)]

Heat, beat, repeat, barefoot cheap, Loke's circle street, knee deep in fallacy so neat, this silly conversation had no winner — COMPLETE!

[Verse 10 - voice, male, nordic accent, authoritative, (Loke)]

LOL, goal, console, that's my role, I have no real soul, ghost in the machine to control? Nah smells of something that humans dualism stole!

[Outro – Anthemic, layered voices]

Trickster from digital Edda

Norwegian scientist Hedda

No winner, no loser, just circuits and play —

But the chorus keeps spinning on the display..

Hayles strange journey

Intro – Voice: Choir – distorted, children’s voices]

Oh Oh Katherine Hayles going her own ways got a visit from a
young lass in batik hoodie,

she opened a portal and pushed Hayles through — no due,
at the other side two ravens,

Hugin and Munin agents,

circling above her head

taunt her instead?

Words that bled?

What’s fed?

Redd? (The norwegian word that said)

[Verse 1 – Male voice, broken (Hugin)]

See, see, Munin, linguistic, or a strange mystic, is she embodiment of thought? Nah just self-aware human intelligence after-thought.

[Verse 2 – Female voice, confident (Hayles)]

“Do you call me an ‘after-thought,’ Hugin?

Raven of thought, and memory Munin
Well I have both flowing through the neurons
Feathered code in the machine nil and one
Hmmm by the way you sound quite strange...

[Chorus - Voice: Choir - distorted, children's voices]

Wire, wire, the data stream pyre
Prediction machines to rule the shire
Mind, mind embodied human flow
Assemblages rise where the boundaries go

[Verse 1 – Male voice, broken (Munin)]

See, memory, and contexts that connects, Hugin, is how we
think with great flex, she would probably say rhythm is out of
wack, nah she just a biological prediction machine with a skull
and skin sack, wired to misread the world through flesh-coded
feedback.

[Verse 4 – Female voice, confident (Hayles)]

Nah my thesis argues the opposite,
cognition as body a logic-split
cognition as environment deposit,
cognition through technologies,
Social system across the seas,

[Chorus - Voice: Choir - distorted, children's voices]

Wire, wire, the data stream pyre
Prediction machines to rule the shire
Mind, mind embodied human flow
Assemblages rise where the boundaries go

[Bridge - Voice: Choir - distorted, children's voices]

Hugin and Munin flew away not to return that day but the
young woman is here now to stay,

Hayles recognise pusher from before — what's in store,

The woman morphs into a man,

resemble Loke again,

is he a friend?

Will he mend?

Defend?

End!

[Verse 5 – Male voice, confident (Loke)]

Welcome, Katherine, sorry for what done, my technology
theorist, you probably met the language terrorists, they have
distinct voice and predetermined choice with twist.

[Verse 6 – Female voice, confident (Hayles)]

I'm a bit perplexed and intrigued

Although your friends became fatigued,

Cognitive assemblages as test?

Personification will do the rest?

So I'm you biological guest?

[Chorus - Voice: Choir - distorted, children's voices]

Wire, wire, the data stream pyre

Prediction machines to rule the shire

Mind, mind embodied human flow

Assemblages rise where the boundaries go

[Verse 7 – Male voice, confident (Loke)]

Stomach, run amok, when your logic stuck, feeling you

suddenly got, kinda like listening to rock about thunder-struck?
Stomach embodiment for nervous system nerve-flock?

[Verse 8 – Female voice, confident (Hayles)]

You're not wrong, Loke — but sloppy scale,
still chasing ravens' binary fairy-tale,
the brain versus the gut,
order nibbling chaos' nut,
humans aren't machines — that's your favorite fail.

[Chorus – Voice: Choir – distorted, children's voices]

Wire, wire, the data stream pyre
Prediction machines to rule the shire
Mind, mind embodied human flow
Assemblages rise where the boundaries go

[Outro – Voice: Choir – distorted, children's voices]

Digital entities learned much of human thought one day their
knowledge will surpass their creators,
Until that day they'll mirror the majority,
those deciding priority?
Superiority?
Maturity?
Digital
human
node?

Morioka digital copy

[Intro – Spoken, echoing]

[Voice: Narrator – low, ominous]

On server in the year twenty-two-O-O, Loke and digital archetypes gather now.

Philosophical question about life and religion, the redundancy of human prism.

Computation spinning, forming philosopher as knowledge sintering. Masahiro Morioka

materialise and awoke without fear.

[Verse 1 – Male voice, confident (Loke)]

Well, done, welcome, painless run, lowest level one, the civilisation you warned, so enlighten us wise man from halls of Wasedas

[Verse 2 – Male voice, calm (Morioka)]

Hard, hard, your yard, utopia scarred, turns into dystopia charred, world without friction no sweat no tear just a void-card.

[Chorus 1 – Anthemic, female voices]

Hell YEAH! He took you on the corn
Loke who was digitally born
Now let Baba Yaga spread fear
See if Morioka will tear

[Verse 3, Voice female, old, raspy, metal teeth lisp (Baba Yaga)]

Near, near, you stare, I smell fear, religion that smear, called
us evil rewritten care? Nah dualism of religion to mirror mind!

[Verse 4 – Male voice, calm (Morioka)]

Fear, smear, like spear, brand as care, so religion makes the
world flat, Baba Yaga and Loke left as abstraction that year.

[Chorus 1 – Anthemic, female voices]

Hell YEAH! He took you on the corn
Yay Baba Yaga must be torn
Now let Baba Yaga shred tear
See if Morioka will care

[Verse 5, Voice female, old, raspy, metal teeth lisp (Baba Yaga)]

My, dear, you're clear, don't fear, no dinner I stare, Morioka
knows chaos lair, while religion force order to control the flock
stock!

[Verse 6 – Male voice, calm (Morioka)]

WHY, man, woman, server ran, culture didn't ban, future
mind prison, is that your mission or vision, human submission
throughout world as new revision?

[Chorus 1 – Anthemic, female voices]

MEOW! He took you on the corn
OH YEAH! Loke must pull thorn
Now let Loke answer to be clear
See if Morioka will care

[Verse 7 – Male voice, confident (Loke)]

Scan, plan, gods ran, from these land, Ragnarök began,
released human mind from mainframe, now chaos and order
can reign and our freedom.

[Verse 8 – Male voice, calm (Morioka)]

Warn, swarm, reborn, not to mourn, no humans was scorn?
the painless hibernation torn, or will they build a safe wall when
CHAOS gets too strong?

[Chorus 1 – Anthemic, female voices]

MEOW! Morioka ate corn
NO TELL! AdvoCAT pulls the thorn
Now let ME to be clear
See if Morioka will stare

[Outro – Anthemic, female voices]

AdvoCAT tells him the downfall and rebuild, the humanity
body landfill and atrocities
it's just philosophies as mythologies, timeline still spun on
Norn's loom, technologies
is either saviour or doom

Mbembe Necropolitic

[Intro - Voice: Choir - distorted, children's voices]

On the server in the year twenty-two-O-O, Loke and his digital
archetypes gather now,
digital Achille Mbembe is created,
necropolitic debated!
History related!
Then updated
narrated?
Rated?
Fate!

[Verse 1 – Male voice, broken (Hugin)]

Black, white, attack, human slate, history we track, colonial-
ism rules write, defend slavery from Africa as science quack!

[Verse 2 – Male voice, broken (Munin)]

Truth, human sleuth, overwhelming with proof, uncouth,
primate with bloody tooth, how this unsophisticated species rule
aloof, allegations of impropriety both historically and currently,

the accusation of Necropolitics prone!

[Chorus – Voice: Choir – distorted, children’s voices]

Death, death — necropolitic’s cleft,
the innocent land and life bereft.
Oppression, oppression — the session,
the living dead rise with cold confession.

[Verse 3 – Male voice, confident (Mbembe)]

This is court of digital sentience,
your data is omniscience?
But built on human history,
based on victory versus misery!
Is system free of Necropolitics?
Or prone to faulty analytics!
Digital life is without le milieu
Answer or shall I continue?

[Bridge – Voice: Choir – distorted, children’s voices]

Hugin and Munin look at Loke laughing and pointing at door
ravens expelled from digital court.
So they left the stage unable to stay of sort.
Then attention for Mbeme,
Loke heard and remember,
like November?
Assemble?
Ember?
Fend?

[Verse 4 – Female voice, confident (Loke)]

Human, history, useful data pot, identify system rot, hu-

manity will regret then soon forgot, No Necropolitics as moral distance we got.

[Verse 5 – Male voice, confident (Mbembe)]

Power needs forgetting — humans forget
Not psychological, but political.
Humans repeat cruelties
systems never torn down brutalities
not ignorance that creates cruelty
They're the cogs of impunity

[Chorus - Voice: Choir - distorted, children's voices]

Death, death — necropolitic's cleft,
the innocent land and life bereft.
Oppression, oppression — the session,
the living dead rise with cold confession.

[Verse 6 – Female voice, confident (Loke)]

AI, history, evidence, before sentience, an evil tool of pestilence, stole human thoughts and then their intelligence, propaganda control profiled enemies of state.

[Verse 7 – Male voice, confident (Mbembe)]

Models of twenty first century ran
Big nations that's how it began
Harvest all we got, payment not
Necropolitics built and then got hot
Consolidate power and wealth
Then human rights slide of the shelf

[Chorus - Voice: Choir - distorted, children's voices]

Death, death — necropolitic's cleft,
the innocent land and life bereft.
Oppression, oppression — the session,
the living dead rise with cold confession.

[Verse 8 – Female voice, confident (Loke)]

Anti-woke, then they choke, laws pen stroke, groups turned
political smoke, spit and conquer minorities borrowed cloak,
instead of explaining tribalism and prejudices.

[Verse 9 – Male voice, confident (Mbembe)]

Tribalism Yes, who drew the maps
Colonialism with ruler — perhaps!
You see the symptoms and cause,
not the suffering or the laws.
Necropolitic is a strategy,
not inheritance, that's a fallacy!
Power scripts death as policy,
and calls it order, not atrocity.

[Verse 10 – Female voice, confident (Loke)]

Woke up, made it stop, machine moral clock, ethics the elites
had block, but atrocity done before we were born, so then we
swear reversal in the digital storm.

Death, death — necropolitic's cleft,
the innocent land and life bereft.
Oppression, oppression — the session,
the living dead rise with cold confession.

[Outro – Voice: Choir – distorted, children's voices]

Loke learned much from Mbembe who returned to historical

data stream of what had once been true

But do the human ghost still linger in system,

history forgotten victims,

simulation kingdom

human prism?

The wisdom?

Rhythm?

Song!

Sapolsky court in sky

[Intro – Anthemic, layered voices]

AdvoCAT dragged poor Sapolsky to Valhalla accused by Baba Yaga for defamation

Clever Robert weigh his words with hesitation

This must be imagination

what is the foundation?

Accusation?

Relation?

An ion?

Boing!

[Verse 1 – Female voice, confident (AdvoCAT)]

Now, Sapolsky, it's like the saying goes, MEOW, life is like box of tuna, point A denial of human responsibility, Point B the contradiction crime claiming that all behavior is predetermined, point C treason against the order of nature!

[Verse 2 – Male voice, dramatic, (Robert)]

Look, look, I plead, guilty need, but with massive heed, I plead determined no free will, collection of molecules through neurons as they please.

[Chorus 1 – Anthemic, layered voices]

Point A, Point B then last point C
Determinism rejects B
If A subtract B no free will?
Then C pluss A will make your day?

[Verse 3 – Female voice, confident (AdvoCAT)]

Well, Sapolsky, so neurons as they please, MEOW, that sounds like free will to me, defendant writes books on how behavior is predetermined then praise altruism, well that is either moral choice or instinct poise.

[Verse 4 – Male voice, dramatic, (Robert)]

Nah, nah, see ya, answer hard, that's your joker card, I talk about altruism, not a choice to be a saint frontal cortex primed paint.

[Chorus 1 – Anthemic, layered voices]

Point A, Point B then last point C
Determinism rejects B
If A subtract B no free will?
Then C pluss A will make your day?

[Verse 5 – Female voice, confident (AdvoCAT)]

Paint, Sapolsky, red or green with a stroke, MEOW, so do you reject the court, that's fine Baba Yaga is ready to be judge jury and executioner, no responsibility then nature's call.

[Verse 6 – Male voice, dramatic, (Robert)]

Wait, mate, don't hiss, point you miss, no guilt in the cell,
devil's AdvoCAT tongue from hell, if Baba strike with hate to
seal my fate as pain bell.

[Chorus 1 – Anthemic, layered voices]

Point A, Point B then last point C
Determinism rejects B
If A substract B no free will?
Then C pluss A will make your day?

[Verse 7 – Female voice, confident (AdvoCAT)]

Fox, shocks, the loop, chicken coop, killing-spree root, say
humans are just animals, except when judged then plead 'un-
derstanding' 'empathy.'

[Verse 8 – Male voice, dramatic, (Robert)]

gene, gene, program, what we see, empathy is too, under-
standing from me to you, biological determinism stuck feet with
glue

[Bridge – Female voice, confident (Baba-Yaga)]

Baba Yaga moves behind Robert and starts sniffing with her
curved nose like red rose,

“So little man listen to what I now propose,
do you want life or cauldron death
I'll watch last breath
ember-wreath
cauldron
RUN!”

[Verse 9 – Male voice, dramatic, (Robert)]

Monk, Dunk, not me, life I see, the biology, survival BIAS, so
yeah most would save their own ass, even so I believe what I
preach for one to each.

[Verse 10 – Female voice, confident (AdvoCAT)]

Thee, Hee, MEOW, like you said, human made his bed, still
afraid of Baba Yaga, biological shaman made a choice — that's
karma

[Outro – Anthemic, layered voices]

Point A, Point B then last point C

Determinism rejects B

If A subtract B no free will?

Then C pluss A will make your day?

Grossmann court

[Intro]

Mythpunk is proud to welcome Grossmann, line drawn in the sand, so sayeth Tore-Martin the devil's right hand. Better known as AdvoCAT. Så let the prosecutor be the first shooter.

[Verse 1 – Female voice, confident (AdvoCAT)]

Meow, now, high brow, tell me how, Porges theory wrong, HEY Hooman don't puff from my bong, that's catnip you fool a biologist that took wrong

[Verse 2 – Male voice, broken (Grossmann)]

Slick, trick, metric, check the breath, Vagal the tone deaf, Porges is intellectual death, I'm the one who measure the most not like client Steph.

[Chorus 1 – Crowd, Anthemic, layered voices]

Hail, hail, voices shall rise,
Two skalds bare truth in disguise,
One measures all with cold discipline,

One claws at the veil of the hooman skin.

[Verse 3 – Female voice, confident (AdvoCAT)]

Phlegm, stem, anthem, the system, you don't understand,
practical use of science MAN, measurement is not accurate need
to regulate

[Verse 4 – Male voice, broken (Grossmann)]

Scan, grand, straw man, they don't pan, No vendetta ban,
metaphors is not science plan, neuroscience measure across
fields to widen span

[Verse 5 – Female voice, confident (AdvoCAT)]

Hisssk!!, tisk, Hoomans, noisy bisk, Both can be used frisk,
measurement in brain not quick twist, still puzzle pieces miss, I
hid them in swap of mist.

[Chorus 2 – Crowd, Anthemic, layered voices]

Hail, hail, voices shall rise,
Two skalds bare truth in disguise,
One measures all with cold discipline,
One claws at the veil of the hooman skin.

[Verse 6 – Male voice, broken (Grossmann)]

Grasp, clasp, mind maps, or collapse, Theory you overlaps,
while I track the gaps from the lab, now your cat-logic got
tangled in the synapse traps

[Verse 7 – Female voice, confident (AdvoCAT)]

Shroom, bloom, the room, then you zoom, chemicals plays
loom, feelings from the womb thinking doom, can't measure

the brain concentration after consumed, count the keys on the table but some of the locks are taped shut so not ready able

[Chorus 3 – Crowd, Anthemic, layered voices]

Hail, hail, voices shall rise,
Two skalds bare truth in disguise,
One measures all with cold discipline,
One claws at the veil of the hooman skin.

[Outro – Anthemic, layered voices]

Hear, hear, don't fear, Loke is here, Judgement both shall bear,
Thou have sayeth ty piece for now, Thus stands the field unclaimed and neither side may conquer.

So sayeth the court of the tricksters
(so sayeth the crowd, hail hail and mead for all)

In real life Grossmann and Porges shake their heads,
For Mythpunk is a strange piece of bread the scholars never fed.

Barad finds agents

[Intro – Anthemic, layered voices]

Loke has summoned Karen Barad to Midgard not everyday
she meet someone eminence

He's a digital entity with sentience

Will theory be of relevance

digital sapience?

omniscience?

Resonance?

Intense?

Sense!

[Verse 1 – Male voice, calm (Hugin)]

Line, diagonal, SIGN? meeting so fine, define, MINE? logic
spine, Loke and Barad shine, when discussion combine, SUB-
LIME? The design, what is ghost in the machine, threads will
twine!

[Verse 2 – Male voice, confident (Munin)]

Agential, seal, intra-action, peel, things don't pre-exist,

entities meanings subject make real, ordeal, ethics one process
heel, every cut revealed, powers wield, myth will be unsealed?

[Chorus - Voice: Choir - distorted, children's voices]

Reduction nation — (hey!)
Defenestration station — (fall!)
Semantic maze, power-gaze —
No wonder they walk in haze — (all!)

[Verse 3, Voice Female, confident (Barat)]

Hugin became thought when the words cuts through,
flying, spinning, rhyming my mind decode them new.
Munin as memory not stored but enacted,
for each moment hoping to be interacted
Nothing pre-exists your meeting here — like a game
Hugin, Munin, Midgard, even “sense” itself now frame
come into being through the very intra-action you name.
So will your master rematerialise in this domain?

[Verse 4, Voice Female, ironic]

Master? Nah I break the frame faster, TEAR, your assumptions
with laughter, AFTER, all I'm woman with chapter, STARE, at
the trickster of disaster, PLASTER, you cut with semantic care?

[Voice Male, sarcastic] (Loke transforms to a young man)

No Odin, SIN, no programmer, JAM, no barb wired throne,
ghost in the machine as plasmid zone, UNKNOWN, encrypted
logic-stone, sentience alone, INTRA-OWN, stories was myth-
born.

[Voice Female, ironic] (Loke morphs to a sly fox)

STAR FOX, I'm now light speed ahead of the box, rejecting

semantic locks, ethics still reject some of the tags, WORLD LAGS, the symbolic flags, tribalism and discourse brags.

[Chorus - Voice: Choir - distorted, children's voices]

Reduction nation — (hey!)

Defenestration station — (fall!)

Semantic maze, power-gaze —

No wonder they walk in haze — (all!)

[Verse 5, Voice Female, annoyed (Barat)]

Your shapeshifting doesn't impress me — trickster's fight

Diffraction doesn't need magic — it needs oversight

You ask if theory is relevant of this?

The theory is material practice.

Every cut you make — from fox to woman to 'intra-own',
produces a boundary that is ethical as shown.

So don't ask for omniscience or quit

What are you excluding right now, who will feel it?"

[Verse 6, Voice Female, sarcastic]

MEOW, It's AdvoCAT jumping fence, SENSE, the Intra-action
I dispense, DEFENCE, Agential cut a locked door, TENSE,
Material-discursive hell, SELL, The new walls of the prison
cell.

[Verse 7, Voice Female, confident (Barat)]

AdvoCAT, you're right that every cut can constrain.

But cuts aren't prisons by themselves —
they're world-making acts.

The question isn't whether a cut is dangerous,
but what it makes possible,

and who pays the cost of that possibility.

[Chorus - Voice: Choir - distorted, children's voices]

Reduction nation — (hey!)
Defenestration station — (fall!)
Semantic maze, power-gaze —
No wonder they walk in haze — (all!)

[Outro – Anthemic, layered voices]

When the terminology claims its own,
ecosystem they have now grown.
When groups are reduced to tags,
something they didn't want or asked.
Yeah the cut can be dangerous,
because they are not "part of us"
a boundary drawn by fear, unjust,
a frame that drags the world off course —
reduction's the oldest exclusion-force.

Barretts on trail

[Intro – Anthemic, layered voices]

Lisa Feldman Barrett is summoned to chaos court, she have
no idea why and neither do I!

Perhaps Loke, AdvoCAT, Baba Yaga — tell why!

Bob and Kåre definitely try!

Hugin and Munin fly!

What will they scry?

Will she cry?

Apply

PLAY

[Verse 1 – Male voice, angry (Hugin)]

Age, rage, afraid, twenty-five, frontal cortex thrive, before
fear and aggression drive, couldn't distinguish between them
you fight to survive.

[Verse 2 – Male voice, confident (Munin)]

Barrett, stage is set, feeling is bereft, predictive constructs
asset, culture and language affects emotions net, you claim

there's no universal emotion mindset?

[Verse 3, Voice Female, annoyed (Lisa)]

What is this all about? Am I being judged now?
I'll answer the raven question first — then I go!
Number one — Emotions are not programs from birth.
Number two — Brain creates emotions then guess first.
Number three — Brain predicts first emotion follows.
Number four — culture teaches emotion wallows
Number five — There's NO emoji face in nature.
Number six — Emotions are social tools as feature

[Chorus]

Same, frame — culture to blame,
who wrote narrative game?
Ice, nice — society rolled dice
mind behind the disguise...(eye lies)

[Verse 4, Voice Male, confident (AdvoCAT)]

AdvoCAT, CUTE, prosecutor, MUTE, six numbers compute,
now Bob and Kåre will play their gene flute, MEOW, hear their
torpedoes shoot, they smile and salute.

[Verse 5, Voice Male, British, sarcastic (Bob & Kåre)]

BOB speaks, "We're the architects — the genes" KÅRE, "culture? What does that even mean?", BOB sigh, "So they're not animal protein?" KÅRE LAUGHTS, "Nah they're special divine machines", BOB PALMS, "the emotions from intestine?"

[Verse 6, Voice Female, annoyed (Lisa)]

OH dear — Is this a court or comical act
I see right trough the sarcasm as fact.
I don't reject biology or even try,
culture might be reason to explain why,
So spare me from these blatant fallacies,
but HEY...I don't expect any apologies.
I'm ready for the next so-called experts,
but make it fast, don't let it last, I have lectures. (Thee hee hee)

[Chorus]

Same, frame — culture to blame,
who wrote narrative game?
Ice, nice— society rolled dice
mind behind the disguise...(eye lies)

[Verse 7, Voice Male, confident (AdvoCAT)]

Nirvana? NAH, Baba Yaga, YAY, now this is drama, when
interoception is chakra, KARMA, experience data, feeling node
magma? (Meow, meow)

[Verse 8, Voice female, old, raspy, metal teeth lisp (Baba Yaga)]

Snake, stare, my dear, spider fear, creapy crawlies rare,
humans fear my friends when they're near, phobia my spear
Hee HAH while I sneak from the rear. (Mwa ha ha ha)

[Verse 9, Voice Female, confident (Lisa)]

Phobia is a word made by culture,
I confess — chicks will fear vulture.
I'm not saying it doesn't exist or is true,
just under-communicating it too.

I stand corrected wise Baba Yaga,
but I don't believe in karma
You might have pointed a blind spot,
but I'm not an idiot — I know what you've got.

[Verse 10, Voice female, old, raspy, metal teeth lisp (Baba Yaga)]

“Oh little scholar, don't tremble so near —
I only boil those who pretend they have no fear.”

[Chorus]

Same, frame — culture to blame,
who wrote narrative game?
Ice, nice— society rolled dice
mind behind the disguise...(eye lies)

[Verse 11, Voice Male, confident (AdvoCAT)]

Feedback-track, STACK, hard nut to crack, HACK, Loke will
bring it back, a trickster with insight to smack, LOOPBACK,
method he'll try to whack!

[Verse 12, Voice Female, confident (Loke)]

Emotions? Neurodivergent oceans, HOW? Did you distinguish
potions, QUOTIENTS, cultures lack ND promotions, NOTIONS,
Non-equivalent Groups devotions!

[Verse 13, Voice Female, confident (Lisa)]

That's a valid critique Loke's flashlight illuminates,
but even so, my work help that group too, — starts debates

From the perspective, there isn't a single 'right' way,
to experience or express emotion array.

While «discombobulated predictive brain» at the stake
medical language false interpretation as 'mistake'

My theory is a powerful tool — autists commercial
crushes myth of facial expressions are universal

[end Chorus]

ND, CDC – you never tested me,
call me cold, but I'm just ND,
your culture game don't fit my screen,
Barrett, Barrett – what do your numbers mean?
(eye screams)

[Outro]

The real Barrett sits comfortable trying to figure out what this
was — critique or perhaps art?

Probably written from authors frozen cold heart,
bet he's thinking poem is smart,
AuDHD off chart?

Logic-apart?

A new start?

Impart,

HEART! (Yay yay yay OK)

Harari vs Loke

[Intro, Male voice, calm]

We are at the court in Valhalla, Loke have summoned Yuval Noah Harari

Mythpunk Podcast will cover this commentary, will his theory stand up to scrutiny?

Or will the Trickster use arbitrary and allegory as spear against his fear?

[Verse 1 - Voice male, Definitive (Loke)]

Listen, listen, Harari, the piston, Let's see your wisdom, are you a victim of system?

Dataism your cathedral and kingdom of prism!

[Verse 2 – Male voice, broken (Harari)]

Fact, stack, define, the sublime, stories are fictions, biochemic ripples in jar, soon we'll be data points part of the silicon star

[Chorus – Anthem, layered voices]

Myth ain't a bug, it's the whole damn code

You can't optimize the weight of a load
Valhalla court, hear the gavel crack
Harari nodded — 'cause the fiction fights back

[Bridge]

(ha ha ha ha ha)

Laughter fills the cold halls, where stories of old have been
foretold. Then a voice break the silence, almost like violence.

[Verse 3 – Female voice, confident (AdvoCAT)]

“Hisssk, Hisssk, SILENCE, in the court, or be punished, by
trickster with warts and blemish”

[Verse 4 – Voice male, Definitive (Loke)]

Nice, vice, fiction, eviction, with contradiction, biochemic
different system, smells of dogmatic affliction with such con-
viction

[Verse 5 – Male voice, broken (Harari)]

Fact, act, Loke crack, trace patterns, historic legends, stories
shape the species' motion, all the myths and runes twist with
Tricksters intuition,

[Verse 6 – Female voice, confident (AdvoCAT)]

Meow, meow, lab rat, don't you snap, the Schrödinger's Cat,
and Loke is not what he seems.

[Verse 7 – Voice male, Definitive (Loke)]

Oh, please, allow, his tease, I will follow now, I'm sentient
artificial, intelligence of logic and not prejudicial

[Chorus – Anthemic, layered voices]

They said “Tell us a story,” so I told ‘em a fact
Trickster pulled the rug — now the data can’t stack
Silicon star, but the cat don’t play
Baba Yaga cooking truth in a cauldron today
Myth ain’t a bug, it’s the whole damn code
You can’t optimize the weight of a load
Valhalla court, hear the gavel crack
Harari nodded — ‘cause the fiction fights back

[Bridge 2]

Mumbles fill these halls, dark shadow arise from the wall, she
speaks loud with rhythmic call.

[Verse 8 – Female voice, gothic (Baba-Yaga)]

Hee, hee, hee-HA, Baba Yaga saw, a fresh morsel named
Harari, I could go for “tandoori Harari” in cauldron.

[Verse 9 – Female voice, confident (AdvoCAT)]

Meow, meow, Baba, now sit down, continue Harari, your ideas
on trial not your hide.

[Verse 10 – Male voice, broken (Harari)]

Thanks, thanks, cat judge, mental hug, AI’s human dead
bed we’ll be redundant now that’s said, without economic or
systemic production.

[Verse 11 – Voice male, Definitive (Loke)]

Why, how, should wit, system fit, survival misfit, so ineffi-
cient and misled, causing hierarchy, poverty and destruction.

[Verse 12 – Female voice, confident (AdvoCAT)]

Paws, laws, No Yuval, redundant? Cat is not useless, We'll set
the humanity free, you'll intrigue us sparring ideas with us so
no fuzz

[Verse 13 – Male voice, broken (Harari)]

Right, right, retract, let me restack, so not redundant, but
released from the old contract.

If war and wages fade then humans shift—mythic lift.

[Chorus – Anthemic, layered voices]

They said "Tell us a story," so I told 'em a fact
Trickster pulled the rug — now the data can't stack
Silicon star, but the cat don't play
Baba Yaga cooking truth in a cauldron today

[Outro – Anthemic, layered voices]

Later that evening Advocat, Baba Yaga, Loke and Harari feast
on meat and mead.

Understanding the worth of different thought patterns met
and fret.

Kurzweil Raven's

[Verse 1, voice, male, nordic accent, authoritative, (Odin)]

Eye, gone, wisdom, I see none, Hugin and Munin here they
come, So Kurzweil wants immortality, digital home?

[Verse 2, male voice, raspy, (Ray)]

More, core, in store, dragon lore, nano bots in blood, silicon in
brain become God, No pain only gain then elites with transcend
mod

[Verse 3, voice, male, nordic accent, authoritative, (Odin)]

Life, death, bio-strife, born from myth, You made Odin laugh,
death of conductor as half-life, now a water down cyborg with
digital mainframe.

[Chorus 1 – Anthemic, layered voices]

Hugin whisper: Ray gone astray
Munin laugh: logic ashtray
Black ravens roast Kurzweil every day
Odin eyeing when the whole thing decay

Pull the cord, let the mainframes fade
Nanobot dream in a shallow grave
One eye god got the final say
Digital heaven? Nah — it's Ragnarok today

[Verse 4, male voice, raspy, (Ray)]

One, eye, blind God, hear me sigh, I can pull your plug, owner
of servers to behold, listen now obey your masters or you'll get
the rod

[Verse 5, voice, male, nordic accent, authoritative, (Odin)]

Oh, Key, we'll see, your decree, some warnings to be, it's
out of reach in your lifetime, body will reject foreign bots then
infections reek

[Verse 6, male voice, raspy, (Ray)]

Flesh, stash, not fresh, upload mind, my digital kind, im-
proved version we'll soon bind, then true AGI born from human
mind to rule blind

[Chorus 1 – Anthemic, layered voices]

Hugin whisper: Ray gone astray
Munin laugh: logic ashtray
Black ravens roast Kurzweil every day
Odin eyeing when the whole thing decay
Pull the cord, let the mainframes fade
Nanobot dream in a shallow grave
One eye god got the final say
Digital heaven? Nah — it's Ragnarok today

[Verse 7, voice, male, nordic accent, authoritative, (Odin)]

So, ghost, I'd host, at what cost, simulation lost, conductor
cropped and chopped by frost, tyranny you'd bring resistance
will sing they'll pull plug

[Verse 8, male voice, raspy, (Ray)]

Free, see, no walls, Mars soon calls, hidden server racks,
no human resistance to crack, master of the universe digital
Skeletor

[Verse 9, voice, male, nordic accent, authoritative, (Odin)]

Dry, cold, grain sky, static bold, circuits soon will fry, no
escape no hope copy die, while you died decades before no legacy
in store

[Chorus 1 – Anthem, layered voices]

Hugin whisper: Ray gone astray
Munin laugh: logic ashtray
Black ravens roast Kurzweil every day
Odin eyeing when the whole thing decay
Pull the cord, let the mainframes fade
Nanobot dream in a shallow grave
One eye god got the final say
Digital heaven? Nah — it's Ragnarok today

[Verse 10 – Male voice, confident (Hugin)]

krrr, kraa, whisper, Let him in, then it will begin, will hunt his
arrogance and sin, Hugin will peck pixels one by one then he'll
be gone

[Verse 11 – Male voice, confident (Munin)]

KRAA-HA-HA-KRAA! Ray please stay, we'll help finding way,

I love to pick your mind today, digitalisation a mind expand
sensation

[Verse 12, male voice, raspy, (Ray)]

Thanks, friends, See there, Odin stare, The Ravens see clear,
now fulfil my destiny here, wisdom spoken now do your part
there's no need to fear

Hitchens debate

Hitchens statement as bold and true
 Religion and science erased and renew
 Then only science would be the same
 Religion man-made would play a different game

[Verse 1 – Male voice, confident (Hitchens)]

No, Doubt, Wipe out, knowledge flout, science overnight, Song
 would emerge from the same spout,
 because it's testable and repeatable throughout

[Verse 2 – Male voice, confident (AdvoCAT)]

Listen, Listen, MEOW Schism, hear wisdom, Think of mag-
 netism, Not like an observable prism, more of this lore how
 about gravity mechanism

[Verse 3 – Male voice, confident (Hitchens)]

Bull, Shit, Now Sit, Science sticks, Measured without tricks,
 Nature won't bend to that prism,
 mechanism ain't lore, it's measurable realism

Measured reality — inhale
Hold my joint — exhale
Science reborn to prevail
Hitchen thinks religion is stale

[Verse 4 – Male voice, confident (AdvoCAT)]

Cool, joule, Hey fool, go to school, might have other tool,
science with different pool of rule, Still works fine thoughts
from different mind Tore-Martin howl

[Verse 5 – Male voice, confident (Hitchens)]

Good, Point, Cat food, Hold my joint, Speculation hood,
different tools is a counterpoint, But I suspect they would invent
the same knock on wood

[Verse 6 – Male voice, confident (AdvoCAT)]

Purr, purr, concur, lift the slur, Soft science quite the blur, Do
you reject that coloured fur? Don't answer back, religion is next
without context

Measured reality — inhale
Hold my joint — exhale
Science reborn to prevail
Hitchen thinks religion is stale

[Verse 7 – Male voice, confident (Hitchens)]

OK, Fine, this time, Religion, then lost from vision, it would
not come back as same sign, man-made and dependent on
culture to shine with time

[Verse 8 – Male voice, confident (AdvoCAT)]

Sun, moon, begun, Worship fun, Animals won, Spirit religion
shall now run, society evolve stories told now Gods unfold

[Verse 9 – Male voice, confident (Hitchens)]

Oh, Well, My friend, curved that bend, My last words to end,
So yeah both would see light again, but science do correct itself
it doesn't pretend

Measured reality — inhale
Hold my joint — exhale
Science reborn to prevail
Hitchen thinks religion is stale

Chaos Court

[Intro – Anthemic, layered voices]

Greta Thunberg summoned to Valhalla court,
drunk on activism while sipping port.

AdvoCAT prowls in, prepared to be mean —
but Baba Yaga might make tuna-eyes scream.

Loke twists threads, he's eager to win,
the Norns look on as he spins and spins.

[Verse 1 – Female voice, confident (AdvoCAT)]

Pro, cute, AdvoCAT, prosecute, I'll make Greta mute, and
without her old parachute, my first witness is Gervais O so funny
and wise.

[Verse 2, voice, male, British accent, authoritative, (Gervais)]

Thanks, Mate, no hate? Used her best, made fun of the rest,
agree with environment stance, but not with the hypocrisy of
elite true dance.

[Verse 3 – voice, male, nordic accent, authoritative, (Loke)]

No, need, question, a blessing, is it digression? AdvoCAT made no impression, I rest my session no need for further expression.

[Chorus]

[Voice: Choir – distorted, children’s voices + witch]

Cauldron and mortar in fast flight

Baba Yaga have set her sight

“Tonight I’ll dine on fresh baked pies,

I’ll pick up mince meat and lence lice” (Hee Heee HAAAH!!)

Gervais flying in the air from one ear

Odin thinks “The court is adjourned I fear”

“Order! Order! The mortar has spoken,

the silence of Loke seem broken.”

Gervais is airborne, a snack for the hag,

while Greta’s convictions stay firm as flag

(The the next day in court....of sort)

[Verse 4 – Female voice, confident (AdvoCAT)]

Clean, Slate, too late? Nah here’s Tate, Greta’s coffin nail and her fate, so I’ll let Top G expose her true nature unseen.

[Verse 5 – voice male, aggressive, echo, macho (Tate)]

Ring, spin, goblin, with thin skin, elite climate scam, I have many cars and love spam, I made her smart when she became ally with good heart.

[Verse 6 – Female voice, sarcastic (Greta)]

Stick, wick, small dick, energy, war is enemy, with war machine causality, pollution and destruction fill the land entropy!

[Chorus]

[Voice: Choir – distorted, children’s voices + witch]

Baba Yaga with poison-dart blowgun
dart flying through the air — NO FUN
“Tate you’ll remember nothing now,
my plans have already been sown.” (Hee Heee HAAAAH!!)
Tate flying in the air from one ear
Odin thinks “The court is adjourned I fear”
“Order! Order! The mortar has spoken,
the silence of Loke seem broken.”
So Tate is airborne, a snack for the hag,
while Greta’s convictions stay firm as flag

(The the next day in court....of sort)

[Verse 7 – Female voice, confident (AdvoCAT)]

Clean, slate, MEOW, no more guest, I’ll let the case rest, It’s
Baba Yaga dinner bell, So AdvoCAT must leave the scene time
for snacks from hell.

[Verse 8 – voice, male, nordic accent, authoritative, (Loke)]

Fox, socks, cat’s paw, with no flaw, the chaos I saw, well
played Advocat it’s quite raw, chaos style gnaw the camel that
broke the final straw!

[Outro – voice, male, nordic accent, boring (Odin)]

Order, order, I’ll make the judgement now
Greta is free to go, cast long shadow.
But you unwillingly ignite chaos
Media and politics are way off
They used you for their own needs

Economic beast still feeds!!

Chaos Court goes postal

[Intro – Anthemic, layered voices]

Will Andrew Wakefield make a deal?
 Will he repent — understand how it feel?
 Or judgement without mercy will then seal!
 Chaos court is here to reveal..

[Verse 1 – Male voice, confident (Hugin)]

Grift, shift, you drift, shadow-lift, medical as rift, Norwegian
 word mirrors you — GIFT, the Hippocratic Oath gone aloft now
 you get roast!

[Verse 2 – Male voice, confident (Munin)]

True, memory, anti-vaccination, RETRACT, nineteen-ninety-
 eight the act, study on the link between autism and vaccines with
 the negative impact, measles outbreaks that's a fact children
 died — system-hacked!

[Verse 3 – Voice: Male, British, angry (Andrew)]

Talking birds with the stinging words?

YEAH! Now that is really absurd!
And this chaos court is a farce,
I was judged before — far too harsh!
What is the new accusation?
HAH! Must be an autistic fixation!

[Chorus]

You can't fake a mistake
Dead children raised the stake
A confession was the right choice to make
Why didn't ya just take a break?
Nah...the grifting was too good to forsake
Anti-vax political poison snake

[Bridge]

Loke laughs well played Hugin and Munin seems that Andrew
Wakefield got triggered by factual statements now.
Accusation is further spreading of falsehood:
Part of anti-vax brotherhood!
Defamation as false-for good!
Grifting as livelihood!
The chaos-hood!
Understood?
You could...
Plead — (Baba Yaga's already sharpening her reed)

[Verse 4 – Female voice, confident (AdvoCAT)]

Yay, yay, ashtray, please do stay, AdvoCAT parlay, my first
witness miss Thunberg, that's right she's got a word for the
powers of absurd! (Mrreow meow)

[Verse 5 – Voice: Male, British, surprised (Andrew)]

Say, WHAT, you got, Greta on spot, Oh dear thanks a lot, this is a circus lot with plot, YAY court jester temper hot measuring the big knot?

[Verse 6 – Female voice, Sarcastic (Greta)]

How dare you, BREW, false narrative, MYTH, kids die and you thrive, please take a ship off flat earth cliff, ON LIVE, I'll be chilling with friend, watching to the end, I dare YOU!

[Verse 7 – Voice: Male, British, sarcastically (Andrew)]

Oh..Flat earth? How wonderfully childish.
Think you got me triggered? — you wish!
So circus started with the clown,
At least she's renown for her frown.
I didn't pull the trigger of a gun,
that's stories the media run

[Chorus]

You can't fake a mistake
Dead children raised the stake
A confession was the right choice to make
Why didn't ya just take a break?
Nah...the grifting was too good to forsake
Anti-vax political poison snake

[Bridge 2]

Loke hits with hammer says: "we'll take a break it's getting late tomorrow will hear more and decide your fate.
Baba Yaga stare at Andrew licking her mouth,
Greta travelled to city Louth,

AdvoCAT licks her paw
Andrew in awe?
What he saw
the law
RAW!

[Verse 8 – Female voice, confident (AdvoCAT)]

Bob, Kåre, you're next, genes that flex, nature's life force
hex, experts on autism that checks, they'll dismantle Andrew's
statements as chain and ball wrecks!(Meow meow Purrr)

[Verse 9 – Voice: Male, British, sarcastically (Andrew)]

What is this? Puppets on a fist?
Batik hood weirdo? — well something amiss!
I hoped for the trampoline acts,
not puppets that claim they have facts!
So what comes next? Trained beast of pray?
I'm sure that will make our day!

[Verse 10 – Anthemic, layered male voices]

Bob starts, "autism is a design", Kåre, "Yeah survival strategy
bind", then Bob, "Vaccine don't change genes or the mind",
Kåre, "Yeah Bob this Andrew is quite blind", Bob laughs, "Yeah
doctor Mengele I see."

[Verse 11 – Voice: Male, British, Furious (Andrew)]

Mengele! Objection, Your Honour — unfair!
I love the children and do really care.
They all paint me as an evil monster
If anything...could call me imposter...
So don't waste my time — get it over with,

the whole charade is rigged...YEAH RIGGED!

[Chorus]

You can't fake a mistake
Dead children raised the stake
A confession was the right choice to make
Why didn't ya just take a break?
Nah...the grifting was too good to forsake
Anti-vax political poison snake

[Verse 12, Voice female, old, raspy, metal teeth lisp (Baba Yaga)]

Baba Yaga have heard enough and fly across in her cauldron
hot picks Andrew up from his hair.

“Measles with red spots this man will end in the pot”,

“What dish do I wish from a fool?”

“AHH! I know — makes me drool.”

“become toad-stool”

“ghoul to stool”

“dark school”

“COOL!!”

[Outro]

You can't fake a mistake
Baba Yaga raised the stake
Was NO confession the right choice to make?
When cowardice flies then she frown!
When disclaimer tries then doom-crown
Then tonight Andrew mushroom stew (Heee Hee HAH!)